Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER, DEVOTED TO LITERATURE, MORALITY, SCIENCE, NEWS, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

Vol. XIV. PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 25, 1835. Whole No. 717.

A Persian Entertainment.

The above wood engraving gives a representation of the feasts or entertainments given by the higher order of the Persians. The centre figure is the host, and his guests are arranged in a circle, seated on the floor according to the custom of the East, around a cloth containing a variety of fruits. Smoking, drinking and music, are the principal enjoyments of these feasts, though in respect to the latter the ear of the Persian is not remarkably acute. The musicians may be seen on the left of the engraving, with their rude and discordant instruments.

Buckingham, an English traveller of some renown, who passed though Persia and the adjacent countries a few years since, notices many of these entertainments at which he was present. In speaking of one given in Julfa, by a merchant, named Gulistan, he says:—"Bowls of Shiraz wine were emptied and replenished in quick succession, as the Christians of Julfa, make as extravagant an use of that privilege of their religion, as in all other parts of the East; and not an hour had elapsed after the sofra or cloth was removed, before many of the party were in highly elevated spirits. A native musician who played on a kind of guitar, was called on to add to the pleasure of our entertainment; but though he sang to the amours of Leila and Mejnoun, and some other of the most popular songs of Persia, his strains were harsh, and his accompaniment most inharmonious.

It was nearly sunset when we mounted our horses to return, and as the freshness of the evening air was delightful, we still loitered to prolong our ride. The remainder of the evening was passed, in our apartment, in a long theological discussion, of which the Persians seemed exceedingly fond, when those of a different religion to their own happen to be present. It was conducted, however, with a good humour and forbearance, which made it appear to be rather a mere exercise of argumentative talent, than a serious effort to convert any of the hearers from their supposed errors to any particular form of belief."

Of his visit to Ispahan, Mr. Buckingham gives the annexed very interesting sketch:—

"We reached the palace of the Governor at the hour of the morning divan, and the outermost courts were crowded with the horses and servants of those who attended it. After passing through some agreeable gardens, fountained squares, and dark passages, we at length reached the room of state. There were assembled here a considerable number of persons of distinction, all of whom rose at our entering; and the Governor himself, who placed me immediately beside him on his left hand, pointed to a stick with which he was obliged to support himself while walking, as an apology for his not showing me that mark of respect which he acknowledged as my due. There was in all this, an excess of honourable distinction which I could not understand, and which I still believed must have been destined for another, though all my enquiries led to no satisfactory explanation on that point.

The room in which we sat, opened on a square court, in which were garden-beds, flowers, rows of trees, and overflowing fountains filled with trout. From this apartment led a suite of others behind it, all decorated in the richest way, with mirrors, paintings, and gold and enamelled works, in the Persian style, and of the age of the splendid Shah Abbas. The furniture of these rooms, as of others I had yet seen in Persia, consisted simply in carpets. These were indeed of the finest and softest kind, as well as exceedingly beautiful; but there were neither sofas nor cushions of any kind, as used in Turkey and Arabia. The Persians of all classes and distinctions kneel, and sit back on their heels: preserving their bodies in an upright posture, and holding their hands across their girdles, or on their daggers, so that cushions are not necessary. This, however, is an attitude used by Turks and Arabs only before their superiors, and never resorted to by people of the higher classes, or those who feel at ease in society. The cross-legged mode of sitting, common to the Turks, is more easy of imitation by a stranger, and admits a greater change of position, so that lounging may be easily indulged in, and cushions are then agreeable; but among the Persians I had never observed this practised, either in the circles of the high or low; and it was so far fortunate, therefore, that my Arab dress admitted of my retaining Arab manners, since it would have been impossible for me to have sat in the Persian fashion longer than half an hour, without being incapacitated from rising again, from so cramped a position.

The dresses of most of the people of distinction in attendance were those commonly worn by Persians of every description, and offered no other variety than the quality of their materials. The sleeves and bodies of their garments are even tighter than those of Europeans, while the lower part, from the waist downward, is like an ample petticoat, open at the sides, and both undignified and ungraceful. Cashmere shawls are wound round the waist, in which a plain and generally straight dagger is placed, and the black sheepskin cap is worn by all. An outer coat, with sleeves, and embroidered work around the edges, is used by the Khans and people in office, and this is mostly of bright scarlet broadcloth, that being the established colour of the court-dress.

In our conversation with the Governor, his enquiries were first directed to European affairs, and afterwards to the state of the countries through which I had passed; and his observations seemed to be more intelligent than one generally hears from Turks in similar situations, though his knowledge of geography and statistics was equally deficient.

After an hour had passed, during which calcoons were three or four times presented, and passed, from one to another in the order in which we sat, refreshments were brought in. These were contained in a number of large oblong trays, which were placed before the company; so that, as they sat in three sides of a square, close to the walls of the room, the trays, when placed end to end, formed one continued table before the guests, and were conveniently accessible by every one. Their contents were chiefly fruits, in great variety and abundance, particularly pears and melons, which are nowhere in the world thought to be produced in higher perfection than at Ispahan; bread of the whitest colour and best flavour; cheese equal to English in taste, though different in appearance; salads of lettuce and other herbs; milk, cream, rice, sweetmeats, sherbet of pomegranate juice cooled by masses of ice; and other similar delicacies, completed a feast of the most agreeable kind. Water was served to the guests for washing, both before and after the meal; but coffee is not usually drunk by the Persians, either in public or in private.

Before we retired, an offer of every thing that the power of the Governor, or his city of Ispahan could furnish us with, was publicly made, and a hope expressed that my stay would be in every respect agreeable both to my health and wishes. A guard of honour was appointed also to escort us back to our own residence at the palace; and I felt almost oppressed by the overwhelming honours thus shown to me.

THE BRAZILIAN BRIDE.

BY THE HON. MRS. FOSTER BORTON.

(From "*The Friendship's Offering*," for 1835.)

Among the nobles who suffered most from the invasion of Portugal, and who followed John VI across the Atlantic, in search of a safer home in another hemisphere, was the Marquess de Gonsalva. He had married a young and lovely woman to whom he was tenderly attached. She suffered much at the separation from her home and family, and her health failed under the fatigue and privation of the voyage: she had scarcely reached Brazil, ere she died in giving birth to a son.

The Marquess remained a widower, devoting himself to the care of his child, and the reparation of his ruined fortune.

Alonzo was a fine generous-spirited boy, grateful and affectionate in his disposition, and very handsome in his person: his clear dark complexion, laughing eyes, and white teeth, were united to a form remarkable for its fine proportions and natural grace. It was on the subject of his education that his father felt most severely the change of his circumstances: he could not afford to send him to Europe, but all the scanty means that Rio de Janeiro supplied, were put in requisition, and in every respect made the most of.

"What a pity it is," thought the good Marquess, "that my boy, who is beyond all doubt the finest and most talented boy in the country, should lose any advantage that money could procure. Money, money, where are you to be had?" cried the father, impatiently pacing the room: he suddenly stopped, and supported for a full half hour were poised in the air, staring from his reverie, ordered his horse, rode in great haste to the convent of ——, had a long conference with his sister the Abbess, returned home, declined an invitation to a ball, and wrote letters the remainder of the evening.

A large and important looking packet was addressed to a Portuguese merchant, well known as a man of great wealth, at St. Paul's. About the time an answer might be expected, the Marquess became anxious and impatient; it arrived at length. Alonzo took it to his father, who shut himself up in his room to read it.

Presently, Alonzo was called: "My boy," said the Marquess, rubbing his hands in great glee: "how would you like to be married?" Alonzo was just turned seventeen, and therefore answered without a moment's hesitation, "Very much indeed, sir?"—and as he spoke, the bright eyes of Donna Clara, the little peeping foot of Donna Julia, and the separate perfections of half a dozen other Donnas, glanced in delightful confusion across his mind. "Then married you shall be," replied his father: "all down, my own, I have an important communication to make. I need not inform you that we have lost almost the whole of our property, with but very little hope of regaining it;—in fact we are very poor. I wish you to go to Europe, and for the next few years to have every advantage that travel, study, and an introduction to the first society can give: I wish you, in short, to take your station in the world—that station for which your birth and talent, so eminently fit you: but this can only be accomplished without money; and money, as we are situated cannot be procured except by—marriage."—A pause: the blood receded from the face of the youth: but bowing his head, he replied, "I understand you, sir." The Marquess proceeded: "Senhor Josef Mendez owes me his life: to my father, and much also to me; he is, as you well know, considered the richest individual in Brazil: he has only one child, a daughter, the sole inheritor of his wealth. I have proposed a marriage between you and her, frankly offering the fair barter of rank on one side for wealth on the other. I believe it to be the secret wish of his heart that his daughter should be ennobled by marriage; gratitude unites with pride, and he has accepted my offer with the utmost eagerness. It is arranged that we instantly proceed to St. Paul's where the ceremony will take place: from thence you go to England. My worthy friend, Mr Mordaunt will meet you at Falmouth. I write to him by this next packet, offering him so handsome an income, that I have no doubt whatever he will become your tutor, guide, and companion, during your five years of travel and study. At the expiration of that time, you will return to your home and friends,—your bride, and father. I pray you that I may not be snatched away before that happy moment arrives:—I shall then die in peace." The father and son embraced with emotion. "But,—" said Alonzo, hesitating;—"but,—the lady, sir?"—"True,—the lady," replied the Marquess; "why,—your *lady* is but a child at present,—she has not yet completed her thirteenth year, and I regret to say (the Marquess tried to look grave,) her health is considered delicate: however, in all that personally regards *her*, I confess I am rather deficient in information."

Preparations were speedily made for their departure.—Alonzo, who was an universal favourite, took leave of all his young friends with a heavy heart; they merely knew he was going to St. Paul's and from thence to Europe; his intended marriage was a secret.

His last visit was to his aunt, the Abbess. "May the saints protect you, my own of my brother!" cried the good lady; "Alonzo, thou art the last support and representative of our ancient and noble house;—bethink thee of the chance that brings it back to wealth and independence! But remember, Alonzo, thou talest upon thee a duty most delicate and most difficult towards the hand that bestows these blessings. There is no good in this world without its attendant evil!—may thy golden chains lie lightly on them!"

They embarked, and in a few days reached St. Paul's. They were met on board by Senhor Josef, a little elderly man, shrewd and active,—with a long queue, cocked hat, brown dress-coat, and a flowered waistcoat. His joy and pride were almost too great for words, and for once in his life natural feeling swept away his whole routine of compliment; which is saying a great deal for an old Portuguese.

The house of Senhor Josef was situated in the centre of the town, and was not at all distinguished from its neighbours, either in its outside or inside appearance; comfort had made less progress here than even at Rio. A heavy, dull looking building, with large white-washed rooms. A few of them only matted: rows of old fashioned chairs ranged round the wall, or projecting in two stiff rows from the ends of a venerable looking sofa; a couple of small tables, to match, looked at each other from exactly opposite sides, and were ornamented with artificial flowers somewhat faded, in vases: a French clock in a glass case, old massive silver candlesticks, with candles ready to light, decorated with wreaths of white cut paper;—such was the appearance of the grand *sala* of the wealthiest man in Brazil.

They were met at the entrance by a little, dark, fat, good humoured Senhora, arrayed in full flowered satin, to whom Senhor Josef introduced his sister Theresa. She gave Alonzo a hearty smack on each cheek, and led him into the sala, where presently a small table was brought in by two neatly dressed black damsels, covered with cakes and very fine fruit. While Alonzo was paying his compliments to these delicacies, the two fathers were talking apart: "The ship sails to-morrow," said the Marquess: "it is very soon," and he sighed; "but, as you observe we had better not lose the opportunity."

"Much better not," replied Senhor Josef: "every thing is arranged: licence from the bishop, the priest and the witnesses; all can be completed in an hour from this time."

"And your daughter?"

"Why, my lord, you know Isabella is but a child and a sickly child: she has been sadly spoiled and petted, and, in consequence of her ill health and my numerous avocations, her education has been somewhat neglected, however, we must begin to make up for lost time."

"Well, Senhor," said the Marquess, with a sort of effort, "the sooner the business is finished the better."—Senhor Josef whispered to his sister, and they both left the room. The Marquess then informed Alonzo that the ceremony would take place instantly, and that to morrow he would leave for Europe. The Marquess also thought it prudent to prepare his son for the appearance of his bride, and after having repeated what her father had stated, he continued: "Promise me, Alonzo, to conceal as much as possible any unfavourable emotion she may excite: remember we have not any claim upon this match."

"We have indeed, sir," said Alonzo, gravely; "but the sacrifice is great." By this expression, Alonzo did not mean that he or his rank was sacrificed, although his more worldly father put this interpretation on his words; no—the natural integrity, and yet unsullied freshness of his youthful feelings, told him that he was selling his honour and independence, and what youth prizes so much in perspective, free choice in his wedded love.

They retired to their separate half-furnished bedrooms to make some alteration in their dress; which was scarcely completed when a request arrived that they would meet Senhor Josef in his private room. Thither they went, and found him with a notary, a priest, and two witnesses. A deed was handed over to the Marquess to read, by which a very handsome settlement was made on his son. The Marquess expressed his gratitude, and Alonzo kissed the hand of his new father: the deed was signed and sealed, and copies put in their possession. Senhor Josef's will was next read, in which, after providing for his sister, and bequeathing to her the only house he had, (their present residence,) the rest of his immense fortune he settled exclusively on his daughter. He also expressed his intention to make all fixed and sure by winding up his mercantile concerns before the return of Alonzo: but no land would he purchase; he was aware that a large hereditary estate in Portugal belonged as by right to the Marquess, which in all probability he would possess in peace before he died.

These interesting arrangements being completed, the party were requested to proceed to the oratory, where the marriage ceremony was to take place.

Both the father and the son felt sad misgivings on the subject of the bride herself, and it was with a throbbing heart that Alonzo, especially, approached the oratory: his father, yet apprehensive of the final events, whispered emphatically, "Senhor Josef has performed his part nobly:—oh, my son! for my sake struggle to support yours." Alonzo pressed his father's hand, but his heart was too full to answer.

Although the day shone brightly through the arched and small-paned windows of the oratory, it was, as usual in catholic chapels on occasions of ceremony, lighted with a great number of huge wax candles, which produced a most disagreeable effect. Two rows of slaves, male and female, were drawn up on each side; the priest and witnesses took their stations; as did Alonzo and the Marquess. Senhor Josef had gone for his sister and daughter.

A few painful minutes elapsed. At length a scuffle was heard in the passage, and "*Non querol non quero*" was shrieked out by a weak but shrill female voice. A moment after wards, Senhor Josef appeared with his sister, actually dragging in a thin, dark, lanky form, that was making all the opposition it was capable of, by biting, scratching, and screaming. The father and aunt were assisted by four young mulatto females, whose dress ordered white dresses, and flowers falling from their heads, showed but too clearly in what desperate service they had been engaged. The girl herself was dressed in thickly-worked Indian muslin, trimmed with rich lace, but which according to the Portuguese mate, was nearly as yellow as her own complexion: in her ears and round her neck were elumsily set diamonds of great value; her hair they had attempted in dress in vain, and it fell over her shoulders, long, strait, and black. Anger and mortification were deeply impressed on the countenance of her father and aunt: and all present looked dismayed.—But poor Alonzo! his blood ran cold: heartedly sickened—and nothing but the imploring look of his father prevented him rushing from the oratory. When fairly placed in the centre of the circle the girl shook herself free, and threw back her disordered hair: she was panting with rage and exertion evidently beyond her strength: she glanced first on the Marquess and then turned her eyes steadily on Alonzo. Every one was wondering what would happen next; when to their surprise and relief, after a long and childish stare, she stepped up quietly and placed herself beside him. The priest, who knew her well, lost not the favourable moment, and instantly commenced the service. She went through it with perfect composure, every now and then turning round to look at her companion. Once did Alonzo raise his eyes to meet hers,—but they fell as if avoiding the gaze of a basilisk: he visibly shrank as he touched her cold and skinny hand—in short he could not conceal the agony he suffered. Nevertheless, the ceremony came to its conclusion, and with a sort of convulsive effort he turned to salute his bride. But she had already reached the door, (no one thought proper to prevent her:) —there she stopped, and once again fixed her very large, black, and fearfully brilliant eyes upon Alonzo: their expression was changed, it was no longer the same as at the altar; but what that expression was, Alonzo, though haunted by it for years after, could never make out.

The party left the oratory. The Marquess was the first to recover his composure, and conversed freely on indifferent topics until dinner was announced. Senhora Theresa made an apology for her neice, who, she said, was too unwell to join them. They sat down to a repast more abundant than elegant: and the gloom quickly disappeared from every countenance but one.

In the evening, the fathers had a long conference over their coffee: and Alonzo availing himself of the excuse his intended early embarkation provided, retired for the night to his chamber.

After a light and hurried breakfast on the following morning, he prepared to depart. The Senhora expressed her deep regret that Isabella was not sufficiently recovered, after the agitating scenes of the preceding day, to take leave of him personally: but—and the good Senhora was proceeding with a string of apologies, when Alonzo impatiently interrupted her by placing in her hand a morocco case containing a set of pink topaz of the latest London fashion, which he had brought from Rio as a present for his bride. He mumbled something about the Senhora presenting it in his name, as it appeared he could not have the honour of offering it himself. Away went the aunt with her prize, and returned in a few minutes with a ring containing one deep-yellow diamond of value enough to purchase a dozen of his pink topaz sets, and this was given with many fine speeches from his bride, made up by the Senhora with the facility of *her* sex on such occasions.

After receiving the blessings of his new relatives, he went on board accompanied by the Marquess, who took leave of him with the greatest affection; giving him of course much wise counsel, mixed with the heartiest congratulations on his good fortune: but not one word was breathed by either concerning her who was at once the maker and marrer of all,—the rivet to those golden links, without which, indeed, they would have lain lightly enough. The Marquess was a man of much tact: he felt that any thing he could say on this delicate subject must be wrong.

A few weeks brought Alonzo to Falmouth, where he was met by Mr. Mordaunt, his tutor. They proceeded together to the Continent, where it was arranged they should spend three years in travel and study; the two remaining years were to be devoted entirely to England.

Mr. Mordaunt was admirably calculated for the office assigned to him, and soon became affectionately attached to his pupil.

Three delightful years flew rapidly by. The most interesting spots in France, Germany, and sacred Italy were visited. The study of the best authors in each language; that of the history, government, manufactures, and works of art, of each country; together with the acquaintance of the most eminent men—all contributed to exalt and enrich the highly gifted mind of Alonzo, and to fill his heart with the noblest sentiments of benevolence and patriotism. During this time he might have been pronounced among the happiest of mortals,—but in his overflowing cup one black and bitter drop was mingled.

Mr. Mordaunt had been made aware of Alonzo's marriage, and of all the circumstances attending it, by the Marquess. On the letter Alonzo received from his sister the Abbess, were these words: "The only chance you have of domestic peace, (happiness is perhaps out of the question,) in your peculiar circumstances, is to guard your heart with the most vigilant care; if once that treasure pass into the possession of another, guilt and misery will attend you through life. I repeat to you again and again, guard your heart!" This letter was handed to his tutor, who, pointing to the last sentence, said emphatically, "let that be your watchword."

During his residence on the Continent, his time and attention were too much occupied, his change of residence too frequent, to allow of his affections being at any time in danger. And, beside the observing eye of Mr. Mordaunt, and the watchword of the reverend Abbess, it must be noticed that the young Don was not of that highly inflammable nature, which the sparkle of an eye, the smile of a rosy lip, or the touch of a delicate hand, could ignite in an instant. But Mr. Mordaunt perfectly agreed with the Abbess in opinion that if ever he *loved*, it would be deeply, passionately, and therefore to him—fatally.

At the appointed time they arrived in England: and a year and a half had been passed, with the highest advantage and improvement, in travelling through that extraordinary country, and in visiting Scotland. The last six months they were to spend in London: and alas! the dreadful evil, from a quarter so little suspected that even Mr. Mordaunt's apprehensions could be thrown off his guard, approached; and the God of love was, as a poet would say, amply avenged for the sacrilege that had been perpetrated in performing the sacred band of Hymen.

Alonzo was at the opera with his friend the Brazilian *Charge d' Affaires*. He thought, as he looked round, that he had never been in any public place of amusement where the sex showed to so much advantage as at the English Opera; the absence of crowd, the light not too glaring, the superb dresses, contributed, he supposed, to produce this effect. He observed the Charge attentively viewing through his glass some person in an opposite box, and he fancied many other glasses were pointed in the same direction: he looked also, and his eye immediately rested on one of the most beautiful young women he thought he had ever seen: there was that peculiar *something*, however, in her complexion, attitude, and dress, which marked her as a foreigner. "Who is that?" said he to the Charge: "she looks French or Spanish."

"Neither," said the Charge, exultingly, "she is one of us—Brazilian!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed Alonzo, in an accent of surprise and pleasure.

"Have you not heard of her?" asked his friend: "she is called the *beautiful Brazilian*, and in the novelty of the season, making and havoc in the hearts of her English admirers. She has come out under the auspices of the Countess of Godolphin, the lady next her."

"What is her name?"

"Donna Viola de Montezuma."

"The name is noble," observed Alonzo, "but I do not recollect it at Rio."

"Her family is settled in the north of Brazil: she herself, however, has just come from Rio, with her duenna and suite, to finish her education. She is an heiress, and is reported to be engaged in Portugal. Would you like to go round? I will introduce you."

"If you please"—and away they went.

The Charge first introduced Alonzo to the Countess and then presented him as a fellow-countryman to the beautiful Brazilian. She received him with the most marked pleasure, and made a seat for him beside her.

"I am indeed most happy to become acquainted with you, Don Alonzo," said she, "if it were only to express to you the affection I feel for your dear aunt the Abbess, in whose convent I have been some time a resident, and from whom I have received all the care and love of a mother—indeed, I owe her *very* much."

"Her love and care at least seemed to have been well bestowed," replied Alonzo: "did you also know my father?"

"Intimately;—and I may also venture to say that I know you, so much have I heard of you from the Marquess and your aunt: I am sure no son or nephew was ever more beloved."

Alonzo sighed as he recollected that neither of them had mentioned this lady in their letters: the reason was obvious,—and he felt a pang more acute than usual when he looked on her lovely and intelligent countenance.—glanced over a figure that appeared to him perfection, and listened to her lively and natural remarks,—then compared her with that one of whom he could scarcely endure in any way to think.

The next morning, he mentioned to Mr. Mordaunt, as carelessly as he could, his introduction of the preceding evening.

"I have heard of that lady," observed Mr. Mordaunt:—"She is a good specimen of your country-women,—does great credit to Brazil, and would make, I dare say, an excellent English marriage, if she were not already engaged."

"She is really then engaged?" inquired Alonzo.

"Decidedly,—to a Portuguese nobleman: this has been published as much as possible to keep lovers at a distance."

"Well," thought Alonzo, "as she is engaged, and I married, there can be no danger!" and that very evening (for the lady, he understood, was not permitted to receive morning visitors,) beheld him at the Countess's.

An intimacy soon sprung up between them, as was natural between persons of the same age and station, in a foreign country. There was no one that Viola was, or appeared, half so pleased to see as Don Alonzo. She had always a new song to sing to him, a new drawing to show to him, or a new book to recommend. She was fond of chess, and many a happy moment did he spend while the Countess was engaged at her whist. But never in his eyes was she so fascinating as when, passing the black ribbon of her guitar over her shoulder, she accompanied herself in three own beautiful national melodies; her voice was exquisitely sweet and clear; the execution finished and graceful. At those moments an exclusive affinity appeared to exist between them; although there might be, and often were, numerous other listeners and admirers, it was his eye only that she sought for approval.

They met frequently at public places, and also at other houses. Viola was a beautiful dancer, and he felt proud (he knew not why, for it was nothing to him,) of the admiration she excited. Sometimes he waltzed with her, and with a beating heart caught here and there a half whisper from the spectators—"The two Brazilians—an interesting couple, are they not?"

It was thought better that Viola, on account of her peculiar situation, should continue to observe, although in England, the strict form of her own national manners. Immediately after dancing she returned to the side of the Countess or her chaperone; she never went out for exercise except when so accompanied, and she never received any visitor except in such presence. These arrangements gave great satisfaction to Alonzo, (he did not know why, for it was nothing to him,) although he frequently suffered by them.

"Guard your heart!" conscience whispered to Alonzo. Alas! his heart had escaped—but he guarded his manners, and they were the next best security: he tried to watch even his very eyes: he never flirted, he never complimented; in fact, he succeeded so well, that the Countess and Mr. Mordaunt appeared to have no suspicion; but he could not deceive himself, and he was not quite sure that he deceived Viola.

Time glided by unheeded; the London season was near its close, when, one morning at breakfast, Mr. Mordaunt, observed, "Well, Alonzo, time goes on, we are now in July, and before the end of October you must be safely landed at Rio. We must secure your passage in the next month's packet."

All this was well known and fully expected, yet did the intimation astound Alonzo. "So-soon! can it be possible!"

The same evening they were *en famille* at the Countess's; the whist and chess tables were arranged as usual. "What are you thinking of, Don Alonzo, to make such a move as that?" inquired Viola: "you are a little absent—out of spirits this evening."

"I ought not to be so," said Alonzo, trying to rally, "for we have been busy all day planning and arranging about our voyage home."

"Indeed!" said Viola. Alonzo thought she sighed: certainly she in her turn made a false move. Soon after, a servant entered with a case of jewels belonging to Viola, which had returned from being repaired: while looking at them Alonzo observed, that she was not a little envied by the London belles for the splendour of her jewels.

"How comes it," said she, "that I never see your wear any ornaments, not even a ring? Our young Brazilian beaux are naturally so fond of these decorations."

"I assure you," said Mr. Mordaunt, looking off his cards, "Don Alonzo has one of the most superb rings I ever saw—a single yellow diamond of great value."

Alonzo felt irritated, he scarcely knew why, and replied in a bitter sarcastic tone, quite unusual with him—"Yes, I have a yellow diamond, indeed, that I rather wish to see, or to show to any one else."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before he felt their impropriety. "Draw your card, my lady, if you please," said Mr. Mordaunt.

"Check," cried Alonzo, and with an effort looked at Viola. She was leaning on her hand; and her large, black, and brilliant eyes, with their long up-turned lashes were fixed on him. He started at the look—why or wherefore he could not imagine.—The eyes were withdrawn, and the game continued.

A few evenings after, he was leading her from a dance to place her as usual by the side of the Countess; they had to traverse three of four crowded rooms before they could reach the one where her ladyship was seated at whist; they moved very slowly and lingeringly along, seemingly to no great hurry to arrive at their destination.

"Are you *really* going to leave us next month, Don Alonzo?"

"Really—and you, Donna Viola, what becomes of you?"

"I go to Portugal."

"And *there?*" said Alonzo in an inquiring tone.

"O, there we shall no remain long: our Brazilian property will require our presence."

"Then we shall meet again," said Alonzo eagerly.

"I hope so—I dare say, in a few months."

"Well, that is some comfort!"—and he seemed to respire more freely than after a pause—"but I shall never again meet *Viola!*"

"But Viola, Don Alonzo," she replied firmly, "will meet you as she has always met you; what she has been, she will continue to be—your sincere and affectionate friend."

"Thank you, Viola, thank you!—but pray do not speak another word to me just now." He placed her in her seat, and without looking at her, turned away and left the house.

Mr. Mordaunt had accepted the pressing invitation of Alonzo to accompany him to Brazil: their passage was taken and their preparations well forward. Alonzo paid his farewell visits, and did all that was necessary on the occasion, with the most perfect composure.

A passage was also taken for Viola and her suite in the Lisbon Packet, and the day was fixed for her leaving town for Falmouth. The day following was decided on by Alonzo for the same purpose, but this he managed to conceal from her.

The morning before her departure, he called on the Countess. "You are come to take leave of Donna Viola," said her ladyship.

"No, I am not, I come to take leave of you, (for I also am on the eve of quitting London,) and to thank you for all your kind attention."

"But why not of Viola?" said the Countess; "she will be so disappointed."

"It is better I should not."

"But what am I to say to her?" inquired she.

"Precisely what I have just said,—that it is better I should not."

The Countess returned no reply; and with all good wishes on each side, they parted.

The weather was beautiful, and Mr. Mordaunt appeared to enjoy his journey exceedingly; but Alonzo was absorbed in thought, and it was only now and then, when Mr. Mordaunt touched upon the approaching meeting with his father and his old Rio friends, that Alonzo could be roused for a moment. At the inns he occasionally heard something that attracted his silent attention, of the beautiful young foreigner who had passed the day before.

They arrived at Falmouth in the morning to breakfast. With a beating heart, Alonzo inquired concerning the foreign lady and the Lisbon packet: the lady had gone on board the evening before, and the Lisbon and Rio packets were to sail on the following morning.

After breakfast, the two gentlemen were engaged superintending the embarkation of their servants and baggage, and having taken an early dinner, went on board.

It was a lovely evening. Alonzo glanced at the merry and busy town of Falmouth, the numerous vessels, and the broad Atlantic, on which lay stretched out before him: then his eye fixed, as though there were nothing else worth looking at, on the small vessel that lay nearest to him. He suddenly left his station, descended into a boat, and was in a few minutes on board.

In the outer cabin he met the duenna, who looked very much surprised at seeing him; but without speaking, threw open the door of the after cabin;—he entered, and the door closed behind him.

Viola lay on a couch, apparently absorbed in reading: the noise startled her, and she looked up; but nothing can express the astonishment painted on her countenance at the sight of Alonzo, who stood fixed as a statue before her. She sprang from the couch, and evidently her first feeling was to run towards him, but probably the strangeness of his look and demeanour arrested her; for she checked herself, and exclaimed, "Don Alonzo?"

"Viola?" said he, acting both her hands, and gently forcing her to return to the seat she had left; "Viola?" (the word seemed to choke him) "I cannot live without you—you are yet free, have pity on me?"

"Alonzo," she asked, in a tremulous voice, "are you free?"

"I am not *irrevocably* bound."

In a moment she seemed to recover her self-possession, and replied, "Then I must tell you, that *I am*. You are labouring under a fatal error; you thing I am but engaged —*I am married*.—But stay!" she exclaimed, alarmed at the effect of her communication,—"stay!—one moment! —Alonzo!—I beseech you!"

It was in vain; he almost shook her off, rushed to his boat, and in a few minutes was on board of his own vessel: he pushed by Mr. Mordaunt, and every body and every thing that came in his way to his cabin, where locking the door, he threw himself on his bed, in a state of mind not to be described.

Mr. Mordaunt took possession of the boat Alonzo had quitted, went on board the Lisbon packet, and had an interview with Donna Viola.

At day-break the following morning, Alonzo, wrapped in a cloak, and his hat slouched over his brow, stood on the deck, watching with gloomy composure the Lisbon packet getting under weigh; she soon began to move,—a few minutes more, and she was dashing through the water close beside him. Desperate thoughts for an instant darkened his mind: a feeling of revenge and despair, beset him, and he felt a strong temptation to plunge into the wake of the flying vessel,—when once more the latticed windows of the after cabin were suddenly thrown open: he saw a waving handkerchief and then the form of Viola herself, her eyes streaming with tears, kissing both her hands, and waving them to him. He had just time to return the salutation: his dark purpose vanished, the weakness of his mother came over him, and he wept: "She loves me?"—that thought alone, single and abstracted, brought back the blood in a rush of transport to his heart: "She loves me!—and nobly puts me the example of a virtuous submission to our fate!"

A friendly hand at that moment was laid on his: Mr. Mordaunt drew him to his cabin. "Alonzo," he said, "I have been sadly to blame,—I ought to have foreseen and guarded against all this. Donna Viola, whom I saw last evening, bade me give you this note," putting one into his hand.

Alonzo tore it open. "Alonzo, I conjure you, for the sake of your father—for my sake—struggle against your fatal and hopeless passion! We shall very soon meet again,—let us meet in peace, in innocence, and friendship! Heaven bless you, and heaven forgive us both, for we have been much to blame! Viola."

Viola was very inexperienced, and Mr. Mordaunt knew very little about love, otherwise Alonzo had never received this note, which only added fuel to the flame; his kept it next his heart, and read it every day during the passage. He questioned Mr. Mordaunt closely concerning his interview with Viola the preceding evening, and especially inquired whether he could give him any information concerning her. "I am told," he said, "that he is a man of high rank, very rich, old, and infirm. He has married the orphan daughter of his friend, merely as a safeguard to her and her property in these dangerous times." At this intelligence, Alonzo's heart bounded with secret joy: he became comparatively tranquil, but he would not analyse his feelings—he dared not.

A few weeks brought them to Rio. On entering its superb harbour Mr. Mordaunt was struck with admiration at the magnificent and beautiful scenery that surrounded him: but to the heart of Alonzo it spoke yet more feelingly, entwined as it was with all his dear and early associations. He could have kissed the black and barren rock of the Sugar-Loaf: it was passed, and threw open the graceful sweep of the Bay of Botafogo, surrounded with its wooded and lofty mountains: this too was passed, and the harbour of Rio appeared. Great political changes had taken place, and the imperial flag waved upon every fort and hill. The visiting boat approached, and by the side of the officer sat Alonzo's watchful and expecting father, who in a few minutes more was locked in the arms of his son. On their landing, friends crowded round them; in the afternoon they visited the good kind Abbess; and the evening was employed in renewing Alonzo's recollections of his young female friends, most of whom had now became wives and mothers; and those whom he had known as children had started up into young women, a process remarkably rapid in that country. He was pleased to observe the vast improvement, that, even during the short period of his absence, had taken place at Rio, as far as concerned the comforts and refinement of domestic life. On the following morning he was presented at court—in short, for two or three days he had not leisure even to *look* melancholy.

But one morning after breakfast, (a time universally agreed upon for making disagreeable communications,) his father informed him that about a month, Donna Isabella might be expected with her father and aunt. "I have taken a temporary residence for you, which I think you will like, at Botafogo—(I say temporary, for you will soon be offered, what you most desire, a diplomatic mission to Europe;) and the furnishing and arranging this residence has been my hobby for the last six months. If you and Mr. Mordaunt have an objection, we will ride to see it this afternoon." "If you please, sir," was the only reply; and, accordingly, at the appointed time they set out. The house and situation were both delightful; the furniture tasteful and costly. The apartment peculiarly appropriated to Donna Isabella, and called her garden-room, opened into a delicious parterre, it contained tables for needlework and drawing, book-cases filled with a choice collection in English, French, and Italian: there were also a piano, harp, and guitar.

"Is Donna Isabella such a proficient in music?" asked Alonzo with a sarcastic smile. "She is, I believe, very fond of it," quietly replied the Marquess. Alonzo, with much warmth and sincerity, thanked his father for the kind pains he had taken; then sighed, and thought how happy he could be here with—certainly not with Donna Isabella.

After the first novelty of his arrival had worn off, Alonzo relapsed into sadness; a settled gloom was gathered on his youthful brow, a sickening indifference to all around was gradually stealing over him. His father and Mr. Mordaunt did all they could to arouse and distract his attention. Excursions into the country were frequently made, especially to the botanical garden about six miles from the city. It is arranged with exquisite order and good taste encircled by bold and rugged mountain-scenery, opening towards the ocean,—supreme in all its richness of floral beauty, with its shady and stately trees, its leafy bowers and gushing streams, like a gem in the wilderness,—like the decked and lovely bride of a dark-browed warrior in those stern days of "auld lang syne," of which one loves to dream in spots like these. Water-parties to the many beautiful islands,—society and study,—were all tried, and in vain: every day, every hour, seemed to increase the despondency of Alonzo, but he never complained, never even touched in any way upon the subject that caused it. Upwards of three weeks passed in this manner.

Alonzo was fond of the society of the Abbess: with the unerring tact of her sex, she managed his present mood: she would sit opposite to him employed at her old-fashioned embroidery frame, for an hour without speaking: this was just what he liked. One afternoon he had encountered himself in his accustomed seat in her little grated parlour: he scarcely observed her entrance, but instead of seating herself at her frame, she stepped towards him.

"Alonzo, I am glad you have come, for I was just going to send for you."

"To send for me?" repeated he listlessly.

"Yes, a friend of yours has arrived at the convent, and wishes to see you."

"A friend of mine!"

"You recollect, I suppose, Donna Viola de Montezuma?"

He started from his seat—the shock was electric.

"Viola, did you say?—Donna Viola?—recollect her?—what of her?—what of her?"

"She has become a widow."

"Go on!"

She arrived at Lisbon just in time to receive the last breath of her expiring husband. After the funeral, she consigned her affairs into proper hands, and delayed not a moment in returning to this country, where they demand her instant attention. She arrived yesterday, and remains here for a short time. She wishes to see you."

"I am ready," said Alonzo.

The Abbess left the room. "This is too—*too* much!" he exclaimed aloud, as he paced the little parlour with hurried steps. A slight rustling near the grate arrested him: it was Viola in deep mourning, looking more lovely and interesting than ever. She presented him her hand through the grate—he knelt, and pressit it to his lips, to his heart, to his burning forehead. "Alonzo," she said in the kindest and most soothing tone, "I have heard from the Abbess of your marriage, and fear that I have innocently contributed to render that, which might have proved the highest blessing, a source of bitter misery. What can I do but to entreat you to arm yourself with the resolution of acting right? I confess that your forcing me to lose my esteem for you, would be the greatest pain you could inflict, even although your affection *for me* were the cause.—Promise me, Alonzo—"

He hastily interrupted her: "I will promise nothing—nothing!—Heaven grant that I may do what is right, but—in the present state of my mind, I will pass my word for nothing."

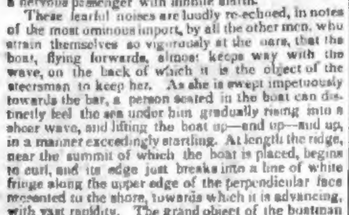
Viola sighed. "Well," she resumed, "I shall see whether Alonzo be really what I believed him or not: I shall see whether he be capable of sacrificing the happiness of his young and innocent wife, and of his doting father—his own honour and principles, to the shadow of a shade: for such is all hope of me. Heaven bless you Alonzo! and support you through this trial! You have my prayers, my best, my warmest wishes: deserve to be happy, and leave the rest to Providence."

She disappeared—he still remained kneeling at the grate, apparently wrapt in thought: at length a ray of light seemed to break through the darkness that surrounded him: a single spark of hope saved him from utter despair. He decided that in his first interview with Donna Isabella, he would reveal every secret of his heart; he would conjure her as she valued their mutual happiness, to assist him in breaking the tie that had been made between them: he would recall to her recollection the fatal body of their union, when reluctance on his side, and the necessity of absolute force on hers, formed but an evil omen of future concord. Since that moment they had never met, had never even corresponded.

when one of the highest waves was about to break—for the greater the dash, the greater the lull after it. But how these fellows managed to discover, beforehand, that the wave, upon the back of which they chose to ride in, was of that exact description, I could never discover. On the approach of a swell which he knows will answer his purpose, the steersman, suddenly changing his quiet and almost contemplative air for a look of intense anxiety, grasps his oar with double firmness, and exerting his utmost strength of muscle, forces the boat's stern round, so that her head may point to the shore. At the same time he urges his crew to exert themselves, partly by violent stampings with his feet, partly by loud and vehement exhortations, and partly by a succession of horrid yells, in which the sounds 'Yarry! Yarry!! Yarry!!! predominate—indicating to the ears of a stranger the very reverse of self-confidence, and filling the soul of a nervous passenger with infinite alarm.

These fearful noises are loudly re-echoed, in notes of the most ominous import, by all the other men, who strain themselves so vigorously at the oars, that the boat, flying forwards, almost keeps way with the wave, on the back of which it is the object of the steersman to keep her. As she is swept impetuously towards the bar, a person seated in the boat can distinctly feel the sea under him gradually rising into a sheer wave, and lifting the boat up—and up—and up, in a manner exceedingly startling. At length the ridge, near the summit of which the boat is placed, begins to curl, and its edge just breaks into a line of white fringe along the upper edge of the perpendicular face presented to the shore, towards which it is advancing, with vast rapidity. The grand object of the boatman now appears to consist in maintaining their position not on the very crown of the wave, but a little further to seaward, down the slope, so as to ride upon its shoulders, as it were. The importance of this precaution becomes apparent, when the curling surge, no longer able to maintain its elevation, is dashed furiously forwards, and dispersed into an immense sheet of foam, broken by innumerable eddies and whirlpools into a confused sea of irregular waves rushing tumultuously together, and casting the spray high into the air by impinging one against the other. This furious turmoil often whirls the manillah boat round and round, in spite of the despairing outcries of the steersman, and the redoubled exertions of his screaming crew, half of whom back their oars, while the other half tug away in vain endeavours to keep her head in the right direction.

I have endeavoured to describe the correct and safe method of riding over the surf on the outer bar upon the back of a wave, a feat in all conscience sufficiently ticklish; but woe betide the poor manillah boat which shall be a little too far in advance of her proper place, so that, when the wave curls over and breaks, she may be pitched head foremost over the brink of the watery precipice, and strike her nose on the sand-bank. Even then, if there happen, by good luck, to be depth of water over the bar sufficient to float her, she may still escape; but should the sand be left bare, or nearly so, as happens sometimes, the boat is almost sure to strike, if, instead of keeping on the back or shoulder of the wave, she incautiously precedes it. In that unhappy case, she is instantly tumbled forwards, heels over head, while the crew and passengers are sent sprawling amongst the foam.



Between the sharks and the catamaran men a race then takes place—the one to save, the other to destroy—the very Brahamas and Shivas of the surf! It is right, however, to mention, that these accidents are so very rare, that during all the time I was in India I never witnessed one.

There is still a second surf to pass, which breaks on the inner bar, about forty or fifty yards nearer to the shore. I forgot, however, exactly the method by which this is encountered. All I recollect is, that the boatmen try to cross it, and to approach as near the beach, that, when the next wave breaks, they shall be so far a-head of it that it may not dash into the boat and swamp her, and yet not so far out as to prevent their profiting by its impulse to drive them up the steep face of sand forming the long-wished for shore. The rapidity with which the manillah boat is at last cast on the beach is sometimes quite fearful, and the moment she thumps on the ground, as the wave recedes, most startling. I have frequently seen persons pitched completely off their seats, and more than once I have myself been fairly turned over, and with all the party, like a parcel of fish cast out of a basket! In general no such untoward events take place, and the boat at length rests on the sand, with her stern to the sea. But as yet she is by no means far enough up the beach to enable the passengers to get out with comfort or safety. Before the next wave breaks, the bow and sides of the boat have been seized by numbers of the natives on the shore, who greatly assist the impulse when the wave comes, both by keeping her in a straight course, and likewise by preventing her upsetting. These last stages of the process are sometimes very disagreeable, for every time the surf reaches the boat, it raises her up and lets her fall again, plump on the ground, with a violent jerk. When at last she is high enough to remain beyond the wash of the surf, you either jump out, or more frequently descend by means of a ladder, as you would get off the top of a stage-coach; and turning about, you look with astonishment at what you have gone through, and thank heaven you are safe!"

Saturday Evening Post.

Saturday, April 25.

☞ Published weekly, at No. 36 Carter's Alley, Philadelphia, opposite the Girard Bank.

☞ When addressing the publisher respecting subscribers, correspondents will please always mention at what post-office the papers are received.

To Readers and Correspondents.

"A Fragment," by Miss M. E. J., is received, and will meet attention. We shall be pleased to hear from the same source again.

"Parody," and "The Pawnbroker," are on file. There is humour in the writer that ought not to be buried under a bushel.

"On the Wonders of Philosophy," by the Milford Bard; "On a Wood Pigeon," "To the Sun," and "On May," will be published.

Icelius and E. are inadmissible.

A splendid new steam boat, designed to take a place in the line for New York, is now being built at this place. She will be called the Constitution, and will probably be finished early in May. It is proposed that the line from New York shall leave that city at 5 o'clock, A. M. so that it will reach Philadelphia in time for the Baltimore line at one o'clock. In that case passengers will run from New York to Baltimore, and perhaps even to Washington, as the railroad is nearly completed, in one day.

The New Yorkers have invented a plan of cooking by means of Gas, which is said to answer an excellent purpose. Major Noah mentions that on a recent occasion, a fine leg of mutton was cooked in half an hour, by the heat from gas, at a cost of about three cents.

About 23,000 copies of Miss Reed's book, "Six Months in a Convent," have already been sold, and the publishers have orders, yet to be supplied, for 5000 more. The answer of the Lady Superior has been published, and also sell rapidly. We wish some one of our Boston friends would send us a copy.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Atkinson's Casket.—The May number of the Casket will be ready for distribution by the first of the month, and will contain, as usual, a number of handsome embellishments, and a great variety of interesting original and selected matter. The circulation of this work has rapidly increased since the first of the year, and a very few numbers of the extra copies printed, remain on hand.

Southern Literary Messenger.—We have received the seventh number of this periodical, published monthly in Richmond, Va. and are pleased to add our testimony in relation to its merits, to the many compliments which the work has already elicited from the press. The Messenger was started as an experiment, with the view of drawing out the latent genius of the South, and of bringing into action and usefulness, talents which we know our Southern friends possess. It has been completely successful, as the rich, the entertaining and the valuable pages of the "Messenger" fully evidence. The Messenger has many industrious contributors, and it is, altogether, a very interesting publication. The price is $5 per annum.

Journal of Education.—A valuable periodical under this title, is published monthly at Princeton, N. J. It is edited by E. C. Wines, Esq. and is devoted to the publication of articles calculated to interest the public in the very important subject of education. The three numbers before us evidence considerable talent. The usefulness of such periodicals should ensure them a liberal patronage.

Lives of English Pirates.—Carey & Hart. This work furnishes a biographical sketch of English highwaymen, pirates and robbers, who have figured in Europe from the earliest dates down to the present time. The principal exploits of each are narrated, with an account of their arrest, punishment and death. Among the characters noticed in the second volume are Jonathan Wild, Dick Turpin and Eugene Aram.

Young Man's Sunday Book.—Key & Biddle, of this city, have just published a work of 320 pp. under this title. It is designed to exhibit those doctrines, duties and principles, which are adapted to improve the taste and promote the usefulness and happiness of youth. The subject matter is unexceptionable, and the work will be a source of profit to all who attend to its precepts.

Memoirs of Celebrated Women.—2 vols Carey, Lea and Blanchard. This is an interesting work, from the pen of Madame Junot, a lady every way competent to the task she has assumed. The distinguished females whose lives are sketched, are, Maria Letizia Bonaparte, Mother of Napoleon, Lady Jane Grey, Beatrice Cenci, Catherine the First, Ann Boleyn, Charlotte Corday, Josephine, Mary of England, Christine, of Sweden, Lady Mary Montagu, Marie Antoinette, Mary of Medicis, and several others of equal celebrity. There are stirring incidents in these volumes that need none of the embellishments of fiction to clothe them with interest.

Confessions of a Poet.—This is the title of a new English novel, re-published by Carey, Lea & Blanchard. The author is evidently a writer of no mean abilities but he belongs to a school for which we have never entertained any admiration. The incidents of the work are of a wild, romantic and improbable character, depicting the worst passions of human nature, and detailing scenes of desperation and crime, which it is impossible to read, even in a novel, without a sensation of horror.

Among the new works lately issued by Messrs. John Allen & Co. Boston, are the following:—

Domesticated Animals.—An 18mo of 273 pages, with many plates. This is a work designed especially for young readers—to furnish a knowledge of the character and habits of domesticated animals, and to inspire in the youthful mind sentiments of kindness to the brute creation. It forms the first number of the *Juvenile Popular Library*, a series that should be continued, so long as materials, similar to those in the present volume, can be obtained. The little book furnishes a great variety of interesting incidents and adventures, calculated to illustrate the sagacity and usefulness of domesticated animals, and will prove a delightful source of amusement and instruction to the young reader. We extract a passage in relation to the Shepherd's Dog, which we have not before seen published:

Those valleys, or glens, as they are called by the natives which intersect the Grampian mountains, are chiefly inhabited by shepherds. In these wild solitudes each has his prescribed limits, which are often so extensive that it is impossible for him to gain a sight of his whole flock, except when collected for the purpose of sale, or shearing. Every day he has to make excursions to the different extremities of his range, and to turn back, by means of his faithful dog, any stragglers that may have approached his neighbour's boundaries. In one of these excursions, a shepherd took with him his little boy, about three years old, according to the usual practice of the Highlanders, who early accustom their children to brave the rigors of the climate. After traversing his pastures for some time, accompanied by the dog, he ascended a steep acclivity, in order to obtain a more extensive view of his scattered flock. As the ascent was too fatiguing for the child, he left him in a sheltered spot, with strict injunctions not to stir till he came back.—Scarcely, however, had he gained the summit, when the horizon was suddenly obscured by one of those impenetrable mists that frequently descend among the Grampians with such rapidity as to conceal every surrounding object. The anxious father instantly hastened back to secure his child; but owing to the unusual gloom, and his own trepidation, he missed his way in the descent. After a fruitless search of many hours among the dangerous morasses and cataracts with which these mountain solitudes abound, he was overtaken by the night. Still wandering on, without knowing whither he went, he at length came to the verge of the mist: and discovered by the light of the moon that he had reached the entrance of his valley, and was now within a short distance of his cottage. To renew the search that night was impossible; but when the morning began to dawn, he started forth, accompanied by a band of his neighbours. All that day did they traverse the mountains to and fro; every valley, every dark ravine and hollow were explored; but all to no purpose. The dog, however, had returned, and after receiving his usual allowance of cake, ran off, and was still absent. Day after day did the heart-broken father renew his search, and again did the neighbouring shepherds leave the care of their flocks to seek the lost child through every part of their extensive ranges. But still in vain. Not the slightest print of a small footstep was seen upon the damp sod. No feeble cry, mixing with the roar of torrents or the bleating of scattered flocks, caught the strained ear of the listening parent. Yet when he came back to his cottage in the evening, he would find that the dog had returned, had again received his usual allowance of cake, and had then instantly disappeared. Struck with this singular circumstance, he remained at home, and when the dog as usual departed with his cake, he instantly followed. The faithful creature led the way to a wild cataract, at some distance from the spot where the shepherd had left his child. It was a dreadful place. The high cliffs on either side, though nearly joined at the top, were separated by an abyss of tremendous depth, such as often appals the traveller who visits the Grampian hills. Down one of these rugged and almost perpendicular descents the dog began without hesitation to make his way, and at length went into a cave, the opening of which was nearly on a level with the raging torrent. The shepherd with difficulty followed, and on entering, what were his emotions when he beheld his boy eating the cake which the dog had brought him, whilst the faithful animal stood by, eying his young charge with the utmost complacency. From the situation in which the child was found, and his own account, it appears that he had wandered to the brink of the precipice, and then had either fallen or scrambled down till he had reached the cave; which the dread of the torrent had happily prevented him from quitting. The dog, by means of his scent, had traced him to the spot, and afterwards prevented him from starving by giving up his own allowance. He appears never to have quitted the child by night or day, except when he returned for his food, and then he was seen running at full speed to and from the cottage.

New England.—This volume belongs to a series issued under the title of the American Popular Library. It professes to give a sketch of New England, and furnishes interesting chapters under the heads of The Farmer, Ecclesiastical Organization, The Church, The Revival, Slavery, Thanksgiving, College Life, Travelling, &c. So far as we are able to judge, the information given of the manners, customs and institutions, character and peculiarities, of our eastern friends, is mainly correct, though we do not agree in sentiment with the author on all the questions he has agitated. The writer is, we are disposed to believe, a clergyman, as he speaks with much fluency in relation to the religious establishments of New England. One scene in the life of a minister whom he introduces, it may be well to extract.

Mr. Jones was the pastor of a church in a small country village. In its seclusion, but little of the bustle of business was known, and each individual was consequently much interested in the concerns of every other individual of the parish. The pastor and his family were the prominent objects of scrutiny, and all felt at liberty not only to make his public exercises, but his domestic arrangements also, the subject of free remark. This was done not from unfriendly feeling, for he was much beloved by his people, but in the absence of other engrossing topics of common interest, the movements of the pastor and his family became of primary importance.

One pleasant morning in the month of April, Mr. Jones took his cane and set off to visit, as was his custom, the families of his charge. He first entered the house of a humble family, the mother of which was a member of his church; but the father was an irreligious man, and but seldom seen at public worship on the Sabbath. He had converted but a few minutes with this pious mother, before her husband entered, and with the well-meaning, but blunt and careless air of a very plain dealing man, addressed him thus:

"Good morning, good morning, sir; happy to see you. I had the pleasure of hearing you preach yesterday afternoon, sir."

"Yes! I observed that you were at church, and was pleased to see it."

"Well, Mr. Jones, I am a plain man, and you must excuse me if I am somewhat plain in my way of talking. But if you always preached as you did yesterday, I should go to meeting oftener. You preached without notes yesterday, and that is what I call *preaching*. When a man goes up into his pulpit and *reads* off a sermon, why, I may just as well stay at home and read a sermon out of a book. If you would always preach without notes, I should almost always go to meeting."

"I think myself," said Mr. Jones, "that preaching extempore is on many accounts preferable to reading written sermons, but still, extemporaneous preaching will not suit all. I should be perfectly willing to preach without notes all the time, if I thought it would be equally profitable to all my people."

"Well," said the man, laughing, "if you will let me know when you are going to preach without notes, I will always come and hear you. But it is against my religion to go and hear men read instead of *preaching*."

After a little further conversation, Mr. Jones bade them good morning, and continued his walk. Though the man had addressed him in a rude style, he knew there was no intentional disrespect, and he was too much accustomed to such rencounters, to allow his feelings to be much disturbed. Yet he could not help mourning over the strength and unreasonableness of men's prejudices.

The next door he knocked at was that of a lawyer, whose manner and conduct were such as to show very distinctly that he had a most profound respect for himself. In self-respect he went to church upon the Sabbath. In self-respect he attentively listened to the preacher, and from the same motive he bowed in dignified courtesy to his more humble neighbours. He did many things which were honourable and of good report, not because he feared God, but because he respected himself.

A little girl opened the door, and having ushered Mr. Jones into the parlour, went to the wing of the house, which contained the office of the lawyer, to inform him that the clergyman had called.

"Good morning, Mr. Jones," said this respectful gentleman, in slow and courteous accents; "I am happy to see you this morning, and to have an opportunity of telling you how much we were gratified with your *forenoon* sermon yesterday," (placing special accent on the word forenoon.) "I trust you will not think, Mr. Jones, that I intend to flatter you, when I say that your *forenoon* sermon was an admirable written discourse. That is the kind of preaching, Mr. Jones, which elevates the people; it improves their minds, it cultivates their taste. A discourse *well digested* and *carefully written* is substantial food for the mind.—You will pardon me, Mr. Jones, for making the remark, but I think that clergymen generally, if they have not time to write out two sermons a week, had better exchange a little more frequently, so that they never will be under the necessity of preaching extempore."

Mr. Jones was a man of acute sensibilities. He felt such remarks, but under the tuition of his Saviour he had learned self control. Natural feeling recoiled from the insult of such a supercilious address. He however was sufficiently acquainted with human nature to know the folly of arguing with such a mind, and therefore quietly endeavoured to waive the subject, and after a little further conversation, he bade the lawyer good morning, (for the lady of the house had during the conversation entered,) and escaped further pain.

"How do you do, Mr. Jones?" exclaimed a man who was ploughing in the field by the road-side. Mr. Jones raised his eyes from the ground, for he had been walking along almost lost in thought, and kindly responded to his salutation. The farmer was a member of the church, active and useful, but want of humility was his infirmity. Mr. Jones inquired of him respecting the state of religion, if there was any thing of particular interest in his family, or among his neighbours.

"Why, yes, sir," said the farmer, "yes, sir, I think things look more encouraging. My neighbours are more ready to talk upon the subject of religion than they have been for some time. It appears to me that forcible appeals to the heart are all that we want now. I know there are some persons who like doctrinal sermons, and I suppose they are important in their place, but the trouble with our people is, that they know their duty, but they won't do it. It isn't *enlightening* that they want; it isn't *instruction*, but melting appeals to the heart, to make them *feel*. That is my view of the matter, Mr. Jones."

"There certainly is some good sense in what you say; but a man cannot *feel* unless he *believes*. We must convince a man of his danger, before he can *feel* it. We must convince him of God's goodness before he can *feel* gratitude. All correct feeling must be founded on correct belief."

"True, sir, true," said the farmer; "but if I may be so bold, it appears to me you preach doctrinal sermons a little too much, Mr. Jones. I have been reading some of Whitefield's sermons lately, and I am taken with them mightily; all heart, sir, all heart. And only see how successful he was. It is really astonishing."

Mr. Jones continued the conversation a little while longer, to lead the man to more correct views of himself, and then went on his way. As he was passing the door of his aged deacon, he thought he would stop in a moment and converse with him. The deacon was eighty years of age, a man of old fashions, and deeply versed in the theological lore. The good old man gave his pastor a cordial greeting, for he loved him, but he thought the times were sadly degenerate. He took down from his shelf an old volume of sermons, preach some fifty years ago, and placing it in the hands of Mr. Jones, said:—

"There is a very interesting volume which I have been reading lately. It is a real treat to me to get hold of good old-fashioned doctrinal sermons. The fact is, Mr. Jones, you modern preachers are effective-ther out of the way. The *doctrines* are the very marrow of the gospel. And it is *doctrinal preaching* that we want to enlighten the public mind. Now I have lived eighty years, Mr. Jones, and have seen the effect of all kinds of preaching, and you may depend upon it, that the great thing needed is, to have men well *indoctrinated*." The public mind wants enlightening. It needs instruction. Now I like your preaching as well as any body's I hear in modern times; but I do think it would be a great improvement if you would preach doctrinal sermons rather more. Shall I not lend you this volume, sir? perhaps you would like to look it over."

Mr. Jones smiled at the *delicate hint* which his good deacon supposed he was giving, and taking the book, endeavoured to lead the conversation to subjects of practical godliness; and after uniting with the venerable deacon in prayer, continued his parochial calls.

In the middle of this little village there was a milliner's shop, where Mr. Jones occasionally called, to converse with the females, whom he could see no where else. The front shop was furnished with articles for sale; and a little room behind it, connected by a door, was the sewing room of the females who made the millinery of the village. As Mr. Jones entered the door of the outer shop, he heard the voice of a female in the sewing room exclaim:—

"Well, don't you think it is very improper for a minister's wife to dress as Mrs. Jones does? Last Sabbath she had two large bows upon her bonnet. I do think it is inconsistent with the spirit of the gospel for Christian people, and especially for ministers' wives, to be given so much to dress. It will do very well for the people of the world, but it is scandalous for Christians to dress in such a manner."

"Why, Mary," said another, "I was working last week at Mrs. Bentley's, and she said that she thought it was too bad for Mrs. Jones to dress so meanly. She was finding fault with that very bonnet, and said that Mrs. Jones acted as though she thought there was sin in every pretty colour. And you know that Mrs. Bentley is not at all gay in her dress. She says Mrs. Jones is a lady, and it is proper she should dress as one, and she feels provoked to see her assuming such a demure appearance."

"Well," replied Mary, "I cannot help what Mrs. Bentley thinks, but I think that a minister's wife ought to avoid every ornament whatever, and if I have a good opportunity I shall make bold to tell Mrs. Jones my mind upon the subject."

Mr. Jones was a very unwilling listener to this conversation, and endeavoured by walking about the shop to make a noise and attract their attention. But the inmates of the back shop were too much interested in their discussion to hear him. He therefore quietly left the shop, and went on his way. He felt pained at heart to think that there was no possibility of pursuing a course, which some would not make the occasion of confirming themselves in sin. He knew that his wife was ready to do any thing which she thought would promote the spiritual welfare of the people, and he walked along sad and disheartened to see how many obstacles were hedging up his way.

He walked home to his study, and felt discouraged rather than animated by his morning walk. He took up his pen to write, but it moved tardily and heavily along the paper, as he thought, "there is not a few of my people who will not be profited by written sermons." He laid aside his pen and endeavoured to arrange his thoughts for extemporaneous address. But the ardour and the energy of his mind were paralyzed as he thought, there were not a few who would look with cold disdain upon such efforts, and who would exert an influence upon the minds of others to prevent the possibility of good.

He kneeled in prayer. "Oh, God, it is my desire while I live to glorify thee. Wilt thou give me wisdom to pursue that course which is best adopted to do good in this place. My mind is disturbed and disquieted. Wilt thou in mercy soothe it. I am undecided and perplexed. Oh make the path of duty plain. I hope, oh God, that I am willing to bear censure, and to take up the cross; but oh lead me, that I may know what duty is, and that I may not spend my life in vain."

He was here interrupted by a tap at the door. He rose from his knees, and opening the door, admitted a parishioner who had been for some weeks absent from town.

"How do you do, Mr. Jones?" said the new visiter, with a half smiling, half serious countenance. "I have come to tell you the good news from Harlem. I have been there for some time, and they have quite a revival of religion there."

"I thank you," said Mr. Jones; "I understood there was more than usual interest in religion in that place, and have felt anxious to hear from them."

"Oh," said the visiter, "they have a most precious minister there. He is the most faithful and active man I ever saw. He is all the time among his people; from morning to night visiting from house to house. It appears to me that such activity and zeal as he possesses must be successful any where. People cannot be unconcerned when the importance of religion is urged so incessantly upon them in their homes."

Now the fact happened to be, that there was no particular interest in religion in Mr. Jones's parish at that time, and he was not in the habit of spending his *whole time* in parochial visiting. He however paid no attention to these *gentle hints*, for he did not consider it necessary to enter upon a defence of his views of duty. His good parishioner supposed therefore that he had been rather too obscure in his hints, and was growing more and more personal in his allusions, when he was interupted by the entrance of another visiter.

Mr. Henry, who last entered, was a gentleman of sincere piety, and of refined mind. He was fond of close reasoning, and his sensitive feelings shrunk from every departure from good taste.

After the usual salutations, he said, "Well, Mr. Jones, I had the pleasure of hearing Dr. Simpkins preach last Sabbath. He certainly is a most eloquent man. I never heard so thrilling a sermon in my life as he preached to us yesterday. He is a most indefatigable student. You always find him in his study.—I understand he generally studies twelve hours a day. And now he has risen to be one of the most eminent men in the country. How wretchedly those ministers mistake it, who fritter away their time in running about from house to house. There is the minister at Harlem, for instance; they say he is a very friendly man indeed, and talks very pleasantly in the family, but it is no matter what text he takes, he always preaches the same sermon. Some of his people tell me they are going to dismiss him next year, for they must have a more eloquent preacher. After all, the men who live in the study and give all their energies to preparation for the pulpit, are the men who do the most good."

Now the fact happened to be with Mr. Jones, that though he loved his study, he did not feel it to be proper for him to spend his *whole time* with his books.—He considered it important to give a considerable portion of his time to parochial visiting.

It may well be supposed that the sentiments expressed by Mr. Henry did not accord with the feelings of the first visiter. They were immediately engaged in an eager dispute. Mr. Jones smiled as he listened a few moments to their contest, and then pleasantly suggested to them the propriety of embracing some other time and place for their discussion.

As they withdrew, Mr. Jones found his own mind lightened of its transient load, and with a cheerful heart he resolved as he had done a thousand times before, that he would do that which he thought right, and leave others to think and say what they pleased.

FIREMEN'S FUND.

The Treasurer gratefully acknowledges the receipt of the following donations:

From Messrs. Benners, Badger & Co.	$50
From a respectable Physician,	$50
From the American Insurance Company,	$100
From the Phœnix Contributionship do. do.	$100

HORATIO C. ROWLEY,
April 22, 1835. Treasurer.

A correspondent of the Richmond Whig, who is lauding the good old fashioned dancing, jigs, cotillions, contra dances, &c. and denouncing waltzes, says:

"The other evening I was at an old friend's in the country; he has two lovely daughters; beautiful as buds of the moss-rose, pure as the snow drop, and modest as the cowslip. Their education has been of that sort which once placed the maidens of our state, throughout her borders, upon that proud pedestal of purity, grace, utility and good sense, whence I fear the race of the present day are about to be dashed down by the rude hand of licentious innovation. I read your remarks upon waltzing to him, and explained the nature of the dance. Now, said I, when I had finished reading, how would you like to see the profligate arms of some Sir Topping Flutter, rivetted about the waist of one of your sweet girls? Sir, said the old gentleman, rising from his seat and clinching his sunburnt fist, "the rascal who dares to finger the ribs of Mary or Kitty, except a *little while* before the parson gives him his pass-port, shall feel the weight of these knuckles." Yes, yes!" continued he, "I know well enough what such clawing will come to."

HANDS OFF.

Reunion of Flesh after complete separation.—The Observatore Medico contains a curious, and what it affirms to be a well authenticated case of reunion of the nose, after complete separation. The patient, a woman of the town, had the whole of the soft part of the nose bitten off, in a quarrel, by a man. She was immediately carried before the commissary of police, when the nose was dressed. In three hours afterwards, Dr. Carlizze, who happened to come in, saw the patient, and entreated that search might be made for the lost nose. This was done, and two and a half hours afterwards, the mutilated portion was found, contracted, and all covered with filth. The Doctor, however, washed the parts clean, and applied the piece, putting in a few points of suture. The dressings were not removed before the seventh day, when the witnesses observed, with great satisfaction, that complete union had taken place. In thirty-seven days, the cicatrix was perfectly cured. The aspect of the nose, however, was most disagreeable, from the color of its tip, which presented a livid unhealthy appearance. A solution of nitrate of silver (moderately strong) was applied to this part, and after the fall of the eschar, in five days the nose resumed its natural color.—*Boston Medical Journal.*

A girl in man's attire.—There was some novelty, but little interest, in the case of Mary Ann Welsh, who was arrested by Watchman Beeten, who came up with her, while she was ringing at the door of Bacom's hotel, in School street, about midnight. He challenged her as to her "whereabouts," and discovered, by her answer, that her voice was very effeminate, and he asked her, if she was not a woman. She replied, she was a man, and referred to her dress in proof of her assertion, and added that her name was John M'Nab. Beeten was not satisfied, however, with this test of gender, and prosecuted still further his investigation, the result of which completely established him in the soundness of his original conjecture. When she found that her sex was detected, she stated that her name was Mary Ann Welsh, and that she started from Worcester on Saturday morning, and had only at that moment arrived in this city. Before she was brought into court, some of the officers obtained for her a female dress. During the examination, she merely said she was from Worcester, and formerly lived in Nova Scotia. Sentence postponed.—*Boston Morning Post.*

Fire on the Rail Road.—The destruction of property by the conflagration of the baggage car of the Camden and Amboy Rail Road is more considerable than was expected, and is variously estimated at from 5 to 10,000 dollars. Many of the passengers were left entirely destitute, and some of them returned immediately to this city. The New York Gazette informs us that,

Among the passengers who were the greatest sufferers, were Mrs. R——e, of Boston, and Mrs. Austin of the Theatre. The former lost a large quantity of valuable clothing, worth *fifteen hundred dollars*, but fortunately saved her diamonds and other jewelry.—Mrs. Austin also lost all her baggage including many valuable articles of dress, but saved a box of jewels which was providentially taken from the centre of her trunk.

A German gentleman and his wife who lost all their clothing, were fortunate enough to recover a tin box, which was in one of their trunks, containing documents necessary for the recovery of a large estate in Europe, whither he is proceeding for that purpose.

Mr. Knowles, of Amherst, Mass. had a package in his trunk, containing fifteen thousand dollars, which was fortunately rescued from the flames, the top of the trunk having been burnt up. We understand the money was put in his charge by one of the Philadelphia Banks for a New York Bank.

When the fire was discovered the engine was immediately stopped and every effort made to extinguish it. They had, however, no water and no means of procuring any. They then endeavored to obtain an axe and by cutting away the sides of the car, save the property; but this also failed. The passengers then capsized the car, but unfortunately it fell bottom upwards and thus prevented access to the trunks. The wind blew freshly and the fire was seen at a great distance. Nearly all the baggage, *with the mail*, was destroyed. A committee was appointed by the passengers to wait upon the Rail Road Company, and lay the case before them. It seems from the statement of the agents of the line, that the fire was occasioned by the spontaneous combustion of some articles in the baggage car, and that the accident is not attributable to a want of foresight or vigilance on the part of the company.

Foreign Paupers.—There is an alarming flood of foreign pauperism pouring into this country which ought to, and must be, met by immediate and effectual legislative enactment. It is now demonstrated beyond a doubt that the Parish overseers in England find it an easier and cheaper method of getting rid of paupers to send them sheer off "to America," instead of supporting them at home. Let them but discover the beneficial effects of this measure, and the $45,000,000 of poor's rate annually raised in England, will become a stupendous bounty fund for the propagation of beggary in our country. No better method of lowering our hitherto proud independence could be devised by the Republic-haters of Europe, than to thus dilute the "sterling stuff" of our native stock, with the most degraded and immoral population of the old world. It is upon cities that the burthen principally falls; and the following statistics show that this burthen is even more oppressive than had been imagined, and calls aloud for remedy—the items are from the Journal of Commerce.

From the official report of the Philadelphia Alms House, it appears that the number of inmates on the 31st December last, was 3571, viz: foreigners, 1895—Americans, 1676. Excess of foreigners over Americans, 219. Of the whole number of foreigners, 1303 were from Ireland, 179 from England, 17 from Wales, 60 from Scotland, 19 from British America, 128 from Germany, 13 from France, 111 unknown, &c. The number from the British dominions alone, was 1587—being within 89 of the entire number of American paupers.

It was stated by Mr. Tallmadge in the Board of Aldermen the other day, that in 1833 the number of foreign paupers in the New York Alms House was no less than 1754, and that in the Penitentiary, out of 462 inmates no less than 298 were foreign vagrants.

Making a total, in the Philadelphia and New York Alms Houses and New York Penitentiary, of *three thousand nine hundred and forty-seven* FOREIGN PAUPERS.

If the statistics of pauperism throughout the country could be collected and embodied, we are persuaded the lesson to be derived from them would be most important and valuable.

The Legislature of Massachusetts have already taken the hint, and are devising means to free themselves from the necessity of supporting foreign paupers in idleness. The bill reported to the house of Representatives provides for the establishment of work houses in the different counties, for the accommodation of "beggars and poor persons who have no settlement in the Commonwealth." It appears that in 212 towns in that State there are 5054 paupers, 951 of whom cannot read and write. Of course the latter must be nearly all foreigners; for an adult American who cannot read and write, is a phenomenon rarely to be met with in Massachusetts.

Novel Enterprise.—A gentleman named Campbell made an attempt on the 13th inst. to walk under the current of the Savannah River. The editor of the Savannah Georgian says—"Though he did not appear to us to walk on the bed of the river, but he dragged by the boats to which he had a rope attached, he states that he did actually walk on the bed, but owing to the depth of the water, the under current and the mud, he could not make much progress, until he was assisted forward by the boat. All, however, were satisfied with the utility of the invention, for which we understand Mr. C. has a patent, and wish him success in rescuing from the deep Mr. Lamar's iron—or in any other adventure into which he may dive. The sharks must view Mr. C. as an odd fish. We would not be surprised, as he came from "down east," that he is the famous sea-serpent. At any rate he might easily dress as a mermaid, and impose on the gaping credulous."

☞ The subjoined was calculated for a corner in the town of Salem, but will serve for several corners in the city of Philadelphia.

Comfort at the Corner.—"I say, Bob, where were you last night?" "Oh, in the old place, on the corner." "How long did you stay?" "From seven till nine—glorious fun; Jem looked the gals out of countenance, and then I looked 'em in again. Bill and I wrastled on the sidewalk; Tom sot on the door-step and whurled; Harry, and Joe, and Burster, formed a line across the sidewalk, and turned all the white headed fogees out into the gutter. If that weren't prime sport, then I don't know. We're goin again to-morrow night, and night after, and Sunday night we're goin to meet an hour sooner; and if every body that goes by, don't know we're there, *then there aren't no blackguards in Salem.*—*Salem Gazette.*

Epitome of the Times.

A Murderer Pardoned.—It is rumored that Murray, the convicted murderer, has been pardoned by the Governor, and is now on his way to Europe.

The Legislature of this State, chartered two Banking Institutions during their late session—one to be located at Lewistown, and to be called the *Lewistown Bank*, the other at Waynesburg, with the title of the *Farmer's and Drover's Bank*.

We are informed that Coal Miners are in great demand at Pottsville, in this state. Good wages and steady employment, would be found for some hundreds at this time.

Mr. Maywood has sailed for England for recruits. It is said that Mr. Price, of the Park theatre has already engaged Miss Ellen Tree, young Kean, and Mr. and Mrs. Wood, for the next season.

A small frame house, in the neighborhood of Queen and 6th st., was burned down on Saturday night. It was occupied as a carpenter's shop, and was, with its contents, completely destroyed.

We understand that the difference which took place between Mr. Baker and Dr. Sutherland in the Senate Chamber, has been honorably settled to the satisfaction of the parties.

Monday was the day for opening the subscription books, for the stock of the Lancaster, Portsmouth and Harrisburg Rail Road. In 31 minutes every share was taken, and a large number applied for, beyond the ability of the Commissioners to supply.

State Loan.—The Secretary of the Commonwealth has advertised to receive, until the 9th of May next, proposals for a loan of $959,600, for internal improvement purposes.

Dreadful Accident.—On Saturday afternoon, several boys who were playing around the track of the Columbia Rail Road, on the approach of the burthen car, asked permission of the driver to ride, which being given, they mounted the car. When near Broad street, the driver ordered them off, but refused to stop the car. Several boys leaped off in safety. The last, a son of Mr. Willis H. Blaney, a boy of about ten years old, while attempting to descend the car had his foot caught between the wheel and the rail. The car, weighing 3800 lbs. passed longitudinally over the foot, crushing it so dreadfully that amputation is considered inevitable. Several accidents of a like character have occurred on this road; something should be done to prevent a repetition of them.

Fire at Camden.—About eleven o'clock on Saturday night a fire broke out in a frame building occupied as a stable, in the vicinity of Vauxhall Gardens, Camden. A number of the Philadelphia firemen obtained small boats, and proceeded to the scene of conflagration, but of course were unable to take their apparatus with them. It is a singular fact, and one highly creditable to the firemen of the city and county, that in half an hour after the alarm was given, every fire engine and hose carriage in Philadelphia was on Market st. wharf, in the charge of the firemen, and ready to proceed to Camden; but not a steamboat could be obtained to carry them over. Before any efficient assistance could be rendered, the building in which the fire broke out was totally destroyed, together with three horses and two cows.

Specie.—On Monday last *Five tons of Specie*, belonging to the United States Bank, arrived in this city from Pittsburg. This valuable freight was brought by the Western Transportation Line.

The steam boat Ohio, lying at New York, took fire on Tuesday morning. The flames caught in the wheel-house, but were soon extinguished.

Punctuation.—I remember a school boy theme which strongly illustrates the necessity of putting stops in their proper places. Thus it proceeded.

"Cæsar entered on his head, his helmet on his feet, armed sandals upon his brow, there was a cloud in his right hand, his faithful sword in his eye, an angry glare saying nothing, he sat down."

American Enterprise.—It is said that our countrymen are driving a very profitable trade to Mocha in Africa. They send vessels with gunpowder and specie, which they exchange for coffee, gums, hides and skins, and carry them to Marseilles, Leghorn and Genoa. The profits are immense, and our countrymen at present have this trade pretty much to themselves.

A furious *tornado* took place at Columbia, Tenn. on the 21st ult. It lasted but a few minutes, but torn up trees, fences, houses, &c., killing 8 persons and wounding 15. A negro girl was blown into a fire and there confined by a beam until nearly roasted. She was however still living.

The Boston Fusileers, an old and well disciplined company, that wears, if we mistake not, a red uniform, will on the fourth of June make an excursion to Washington City, taking of course New York and Philadelphia in their way.

A knitting machine has been invented by a Pennsylvania farmer, which is very highly spoken of.

It is estimated that the distance between New York and Lake Erie may be travelled over by rail road in nineteen hours. Doubtful.

Not a single orange, it is said, will this year come from St. Augustine—most of the trees have suffered so much from the severe winter. Of the lemons and limes, not a tree is left. Whole loss estimated at $800,000.

Curious.—The Richmond Whig states, that the opposition candidates for Congress in the Hartford (Connecticut) District, were Hon. Wm. L. Ellsworth, and his *twin brother*, Henry H. Ellsworth!—The former the Whig candidate. The vote was for the Whig 913—for the Jackson candidate 890.

A mechanic of Boston has invented a machine for hammering or cutting stone. That will do, if the extra profits constitute a fund for the benefit of those mechanics who are thrown out of employment by the operation of the machine.

American Silk.—Raw silk, we learn from the Burlington Free Press, has been produced this year in Mansfield Conn. to the amount of over $60,000. The county of Windham, Conn. produces five tons of silk annually valued at $500,000, and if reeled, would be worth double that sum.

A new Epidemic.—"There is an epidemic pain in the face, intermittent like ague, at present in town. It is a disease of the nerves

Philadelphia Prices Current.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Robt. T. Rickell, proprietor of the Reporter, Commercial Bulletin, and Prices Current.

FRIDAY MORNING, APRIL 24, 1835.

ASHES.....				New Orleans.....	34 @ 35½
Pot..... cwt	3 25	3 50		Sugar-house.....	42 @ 49
Pearl.....	7 25	7 50		do. N. York..	47 @ 49
BEESWAX.....				do. Philad..	47 @ 48
BUTTER.....				do. Steam..	46 @ 50
Pa. lb	11	12½		Tennessee..	42 @ 50
Extra No. 1		11		Porto Rico..	51 @ 53
No. 1	9½	10		Cuba Trench Is!	55 @ 59
No. 2		9½		Hav & Matanzas..	55 @ 56
COAL:				MACKEREL	
Lehigh..... ton	4 50	5		No. 1..... bbl	7 00 @ 8 00
Schuylkill	4 75	5		No. 2	6 @ 6 25
COFFEE...Duty...free				No. 3	5 12½ @ 5 37½
Rio	12½	13		OIL	
St. Domingo	10½	11		Linseed..Am. from	
Porto Rico	11½	13		do. do.	1 22½ @ 1 25
Cuba	11½	12½		do. Dutch.	1 @ 1 00
Maracaibo	12	12½		Whale..... gal.	38 @ 40
Laguira	12	12½		Sperm, winter	1 10 @ 1 12½
Java	13	13½		do. summ	95 @ 98
COTTON...Duty 3 cts per lb.				PLASTER PARIS	
Louisiana,	12	15½		In Delaware Riv	2 75
Mobile	11	14½		In Schuylkill	3
Alabama and Ten.				SEEDS	
N. C. and Geor	12½	13		Clover..... bush	
S. C. and Va	12½	13		Flaxseed..rough	1 01 @ 1 06
FREIGHTS				do. clean..cask	
To Philadelphia, per canal,				Timothy..... bbl	1 50 @ 2 75
per bbl	1 @ 1 25	3 00		Herds grass..bush	40 @ 45
Wheat, per wag				Orchard grass	2 00 @ 2 25
FLOUR and MEAL:				WHISKEY	
Superfine, bbl	5			Rye, in bbls	32 @ 33
Fine	4 75			do. hhds	31 @ 32
Rye	3 87½			do. from wagons	30
Corn				Wood	
Corn meal		3 75		Prime, Saxony Merce	
BRAN, in bbls	13 @ 14	16 @ 00		do. Merino	57 @ 65
BRAN				Am. wash. full bl'd	52 @ 56
Pa Pennsylv	74	80		do. ..1 blood	47 @ 50
do. Southern	74	75		do. ..¼ blood	42 @ 45
Wheat, Pennsylv.	1 00	1 02½		do. ..common	40 @ 42
do. South. bush	1 07½	1 09½		Am. unwash. full bl'd	30 @ 34
Corn, L. C. white	66			do. ..1 blood	25 @ 30
do. L. C. yellow	70			do. ..¼ blood	20 @ 25
do. L. C. mixed	70			do. ..and com.	15 @ 20
Oats, Pennsylv	38	40		Super pulled lambs	40 @ 45
Southern	37	38½		No. 1 do.	36 @ 38
Barley, Eastern	50	60		No. 2 do.	29 @ 33
do. Western				No. 1 do.	30 @ 35
Hops				Saxony, clean	
Imported, 1834		11		Spanish, R. F. & S.	
MOLASSES				do. Jambe	70 @ 00

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA

Saturday, April 25, 1835.

☞ Look at the Terms on the last page.—*There has been no change in them for many years past*

Our friends at the following named places, are cautioned against paying subscriptions, &c. to the late agents, as they neglect or refuse to make any returns of the sums they have collected.

Mobile, Alabama, late agent, John F. Pagles.
Ellicott's Mills, Md. late agent, S. S. Palmer.
Troy, Missouri, late agent, John S. Besser.

There is no doubt a gang of incendiaries prowling about our city. During the past week there has been an unusual number of fires, originating generally in carpenter shops. Our citizens should keep a sharp look out for the rascals.

Mr. Harrington, the ventriloquist, will continue at the Philadelphia Museum, until Friday evening of the ensuing week; after that night he leaves the city to fulfil an engagement in another place. His entertainments continue highly attractive.

A panoramic view of the Conflagration of Moscow, is now being exhibited in the American Museum, corner of Fifth and Chesnut streets.

Matthews or Matthias, the Prophet, has been acquitted of the charge of murder, under which he was arraigned at West Chester, New York, last week.—The inquest held previous to the trial, to test his sanity, decided him to be a sane man, a conclusion which seems to be directly adverse to the behaviour and pretensions of the Impostor. After his acquittal on the charge of murder, he was tried for a brutal assault, with a horse whip, upon the person of his daughter, and found guilty. The daughter, it seems, had presumed to doubt his divine character, and his ability to work miracles, and hence he beat her. He was sentenced to four months' imprisonment.

The returns of the election in Rhode Island, give its present governor, Francis, (Jackson) a majority of 124. The votes stand as follows: for Francis, 3353; for Knight, anti-Jackson) 3229. Last year the votes stood—Francis 3670, Knight 3520—majority 150. It is said that *the anti-Jackson party have a majority of two in the House of Representatives.*

CONDUCT OF A NAVY OFFICER.—We copy the following statement from the Richmond Whig of the 16th inst. How true it is we have no means of knowing; but true or false, it is due to the character of the American Navy, to that of Captain Read himself, that it be made the subject of inquiry before the proper tribunal. A charge of so grave a nature ought not to be publicly made without the most ample official refutation, if it is false—prompt and adequate punishment if it be true.

Outrageous Conduct of an Officer of the Navy.—A statement of circumstances alleged to have occurred on board the frigate Constellation, on her recent return from a cruise in the Mediterranean, is in circulation, which seems to us to demand the interference of Government, or the indignant rebuke of public opinion—a tribunal probably no dreaded by the dupes of the Navy, as a Court Martial of their fellows.

It is the town talk at Norfolk, that when the Constellation was on her passage from the Mediterranean in the middle of the Atlantic, Midshipman Wilson, son of the late Senator from New Jersey, whose mother was lately removed from a Post Office in New Jersey was *tried up* in nautical phrase, to the mast head. Tied with a bowline and cruised up.) A heavy gale was blowing at the time—the frigate pitching and wallowing, with three reefs in her topsail, and this shameful outrage was committed on Midshipman Wilson at the imminent hazard of his bones being knocked out by the rolling of the ship. Mr. Wilson's offence, seems to have been in the severe tone of his punishment. Captain Read asked him—"Mr. Wilson, have you ordered the men from below?" "I have sir."—"You have not sir—*you look insolent*—go aloft and look out at the mast head for land (in the midst of the Atlantic.) Mr. Wilson replied—"At such a time as this it can only be for punishment—I will not go."—The Boatswain by order of Capt. Read seized Mr. Wilson by the collar, and with the assistance of two Quarter Masters, forced him up the forerigging. Ina short time he came down. Then it was, that Read ordered him to be tucked up. The sailors, noble souls as they always are, shocked at the outrage, ran below to the gun deck, nor would they lend a hand until having threatened and dragooned, the instant of hesitation overcame their horror, and they aided in running up Mr. Wilson to the yard arm. Still farther to degrade this unfortunate youth, he was immediately after being released, placed under the sentry's charge, for 25 hours, in close confinement.

We understand these facts can be verified by the officers of the Constellation. They present unquestionably, the greatest outrage ever committed in the American Navy. Why have they not been reported to the Navy Department? For a very sufficient reason—complaints lodged there against the same officer remain unnoticed. *Why?* Aye—there's the rub.

This is the second outrage that Read have committed of this nature. His first was upon a descendant of Dr. Franklin. His insulting and domineering deportment to his officers, is of the most intolerable character, and the more intolerable, that he is not an American. We feel ourselves, at our distance, the gall of such indignities inflicted upon the descendants of revolutionary patriots, by any man or set of men, the more especially by those who are not Americans.

And now, if these are facts—and that they are, there can be no manner of doubt—will not the President order a Court of Inquiry, and the facts being found, dismiss Read from the service? So much he owes to the Navy, the country and his reputation.

THEATRICAL.

Our townsman Mr. J. R. Scott, has been performing at the Chesnut street Theatre—the only house now open—during the week. He has greatly improved since he last performed in this city, and close application and industry will no doubt soon place him at the head of his profession. Scott, Addams, and Murdock, are young Americans of much promise. Miss Riddle is now fulfilling an engagement with Mr. Scott.

THE POWER OF CONSCIENCE.—A circumstance was related to us yesterday, which seems to be worthy of narration to our readers. One of our dry goods merchants, (Mr. Orne) had a small bundle left on his counter, the other day, by a female whose appearance betrayed poverty, but whose face was muffled up, and who disappeared as soon as she had deposited the bundle. On opening it, which was not done instantly, from its being tied up in an apparently so strong the discovery of its contents, it was found to contain a lady's valuable fur tippet, which had been missed from the store some weeks before. Accompanying the bundle was a piece of paper on which was written these lines:

"I am a poor widow with five small children. I came to your store before Christmas—my children wanted bread—I took the cape. It was the first thing I ever took. I could not rest—I brought it back that evening—a lady was in the store—I had no courage to give it up. I came three times after, but had no courage. May God forgive me and may you!"

We hope we need not add, that is freely forgiven by him to whom her penitent note is addressed, and that he and many others would, were she known, gladly contribute to relieve her extreme distress.—*National*

We notice in our exchange papers, an article of poetry from the pen of Mr. Knowles, the dramatist, in reference to a sermon, condemnatory of the stage, said to have been preached in this city, on the 8th of February last. The tone of this article, headed "Lines on a Minister," &c. has arrested our attention from the fact that it is exceedingly overbearing and illiberal, and calculated, we think, to create a very strong prejudice in the public mind against the writer. Mr. Knowles has taken the liberty, in egotistical confidence, of uttering sentiments, to which we are very sure there are many in this community who will not respond, and not content with elevating the profession of a stage performer with a calling of a minister of the gospel, presumes to cast censure and ridicule upon the clergy generally. In so doing he adds no point to his argument, but on the contrary excites indignation and disgust. That we may do Mr. Knowles no injustice, and it is with extreme regret that we noticed the subject at all, we append the lines to which we have reference.

From the Albany Daily Advertiser.

LINES,

On a Minister (not an American) who preached in Philadelphia, on the 8th of February, 1835, a sermon uncharitably condemnatory of the stage:

Cimmerian! whose office teacheth mercy!
Why damnest thou the Actor's craft? Is he
To starve because thou think'st thyself elected
To preach the meek and lowly Saviour's Peace?
No, let him seek a fairer calling. Heav'n
Appointed him to his, as thee to thine!
He hath his meekness.* The tongue wherewith
Thou did'st revile him, had been barbarous
Except for him who fixed the standard of it
That gave it all its unity and power,
And rounded its every grace; and more than that,
To that great God who saw and shone with Heav'ns own
life,
He gave refreshment unto millions
That else had lived in darkness to Heav'ns gift!
Would thy his art thou more had'st profited,
Thou angle, comfortable piece of flesh!
Thy heart is no ascetic. Beat so soft
As thy plump cheek, I warrant never yet,
Set well denial on. * *Thou didst not pity*
The bramant." Never mind! Thou didst not lack
The feast for that. The blunting lure to which
The Cheltenham's vanity and lust of power
Set seeming meekly down. Why didst thou preach?
Hadst thou forgot the counsels clerical?
If not, why didst thou play him to the life?
I'll do thee justice, ay, in commendation,
Well as disparagement, for I am nought
Not," if not critical," but honest! Thou
Didst read methought the service, like the tongue
That gave God's revelation unto men,
Simply, adoringly, confiding in
Strength greater than thine own. I knelt in soul.
Amen, I said to one who sat beside me,
"Well hone a preacher now." What didst thou
preach?
Thyself! The little worm that God did make,
And not the maker! How I pined thee!
From first to last, unseemly! as tho' the place,
The cause, the calling, the assembly, all
Were secondary to a lump of clay.
Thy elocution too—THEATRICAL!!!
Half foreign to the *Actor's proper art*,
The gesture measured to the word, not *fitted*,
The modulation running mountain's high.
Then falling low again as earth from heaven!
Sufficient of the rant! Improve before
Thou mount'st the step of charity again,
And know her kindred-maids are humility,
Forbearance, and philanthropy to all!
And further, know the Stage a preacher too,
Albeit a less authenticated one,
Whose moral, if occasionally wrong,
Is honest in the main! Another word,
And out the dinner of another's creed,
The scripture saith "Judge not least ye be judged."
A feast in point for thee! My creed is yours,
But, by that creed, I never will condemn,
(Myself a creature weak and fallible)
A man, for faith, some shade diverse from mine.

J. S. KNOWLES.

Mr. Knowles is probably not aware of the fact, having been a resident of this country but a very short time—that a considerable portion of our population—respectable in numbers, talents and influence; are opposed, unequivocally, to theatrical representations. In this number we may include nearly every religious denomination, and exclusive of all these, there are very many other citizens who have no idea whatever that actors and stage performers receive their appointment from Heaven, as Mr. Knowles is pleased to assert. A popular sentiment in this community is, that although dramatic exhibitions may have been designed

"To raise the genius and to mend the heart."

yet that in a great majority of cases, the ordinary "entertainments" of some theatres have a tendency directly contrary upon the minds of the young and inexperienced. Not that such is the design of managers and actors, among whom there are estimable citizens, but rather the unavoidable result of the vitiated appetites of modern playwrights, particularly of the English and French schools, who in their struggle for popularity and fame, too often indulge in sentiments that fall far short of the line we have just quoted.

We do not make these remarks in disparagement of stage representations, or of Mr. Knowles' talents as a dramatist, but merely with a view of showing that Mr. K. has acted injudiciously in assuming a position that the community generally will not sustain. Personally, we should suppose, he has no fault to find with the kind reception he has received from our citizens, and it cannot therefore be motives of mortification and pique, that have elicited this tirade against religion. On the contrary, it is reasonable to infer that Mr. Knowles must feel much gratitude towards Americans. Though a *stranger* he was received with open arms, and with less talents for the stage than any of his contemporaries who have attempted the same line of characters, he has, through the forbearance of the public, been remarkably successful as an actor. Public dinners, and handsome volunteer benefits at the theatres, have been given him, and in every way, he has received, for his literary talents, the homage of a people who are ever ready, and at times to the sacrifice of their own countrymen, to encourage talents and reward genius.

We regret therefore, that Mr. Knowles has published the "Lines" in question. They contain no peculiar beauty to elicit admiration, and their sentiments are repulsive. A more liberal course would do him more credit, for his own good judgment must teach him that an unjust attack upon the principles, feelings and sentiments of others, is not calculated to increase the popularity of his writings among a people conspicuous, more than any other, for their spirit of liberality and toleration.

The Philadelphia Annual Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, closed its session on Friday of last week. The churches in this city and vicinity, have been supplied as follows:

Ebenezer, Solomon Higgens; Salem, William Barnes; Nazareth, William Roberts; St. Paul's, William A. Wiggins; Western Church, Thomas Neall; Southwark Mission, David W. Barnes; Zion and Wesley, James Mitchell, sup; Asbury, Thomas Miller; Kensington, James Smith, jr. 2d. John's, James R. Ayres; Fifth St., Joseph Lybrand, J. Smith, sen. sup.; Frankford and Holmesburg, Caleb A. Lippincott; Bustleton, James B. M'Farland; Germantown, Wm. W. Foulke, Wm. H. Gilder; Norristown and Bethel, William Gentner; Bristol, John Woolson, (one to be supplied.)

Union Church and St. George's are without preachers, but will probably be supplied from the New York Conference. Rev'rs. Pitman and Jeanes were appointed agents for Dickinson College, at Carlisle, Pa.

The Minutes of the Conference, containing all the appointments, and much interesting information, have been published in pamphlet form, and may be obtained of Mr. Hammond, at the Methodist Book Store, No. 281 north Fourth street.

A meeting of the commissioned officers of the 81st regiment of the line, was held at the Washington House, south Tenth street, on the 16th inst. with a view of nominating a candidate for the office of Brigadier General. Capt. John C. Hodge was called to the chair; Capt. George Clause, appointed Secretary.

The meeting passed resolutions nominating *Major Peter Fritz* for the office of Brigadier, and also unanimously adopted, on motion of Capt. Johnson, the following:

Resolved, That in our commander, Col. Wm. P. Smith, we recognize a good officer, an accomplished gentleman, and one whose constant endeavours to procure an improvement in our militia system, should receive the unqualified support of the citizens of the 81st regiment, at the approaching election.

This is a merited compliment to a deserving officer and citizen. Col. Smith has been connected with this regiment for many years, and the expression of opinion on the part of his brother officers, is in the highest degree flattering. There can be no doubt but that Col. Smith will be re-elected, in all probability by a unanimous vote.

MEASLES.—The Belfast (Ireland) Guardian of Jan. 20th, contains an advertisement offering a Reward of 500 pounds for information that will lead to the apprehension of the person or persons who murdered and robbed a Simon Horatius of Cohannon, in the county Tyrone, on the 16th of December last, with twelve

The trial of Lyman Parks, alias James Wilson, for counterfeiting took place before the Circuit Court of this District, on Tuesday last. The indictment embraced three charges:

1. Engraving a copperplate, to be used in forging notes of the Bank of the United States.

2. Having in possession an engraved copperplate, to be used for that purpose.

3. Having in possession black counterfeit notes to be used for that purpose.

The facts stated by the attorney for the United States, Mr. Gilpin, proved in evidence, are mainly as follows:—

In the month of November last, Wilson went to Roxbury, in the neighborhood of this city, took a house in a retired situation, for the purpose, as he said, of making some machinery for a patent to go to Washington. He had a companion named Davis or Smith. After the house was taken, Wilson commenced working at his machinery, which in fact was a lathe for making the geometrical line work on bank note plates. He employed, occasionally, some of the mechanics of the neighborhood, though he permitted no one to see his machinery while he was thus engaged. Smith went on to New York, and there got acquainted with a jobbing blacksmith, at the time out of work, to whom he offered good wages and other inducements, if he would accompany him to Philadelphia, to assist a person near there in making a patent model. After much persuasion, the blacksmith Thorpe consented; and came here with his wife and family; Smith took Thorpe to Roxbury, where they saw Wilson, but he refused to remain in the country, and declared if he was not to work in Philadelphia, he would return to New York. Upon this, they determined to come to Philadelphia. Wilson brought with him the geometrical lathe in a small box. A house was taken in Church street, in the lower part of the town, in a retired court. The room on the third floor was allotted to Wilson and Smith, with a positive agreement that no one but themselves was to enter it on any account. Thorpe had the lower room for a sort of smith's shop. As soon as they were established there, Wilson fixed up his lathe, and then commenced making a transfering press for transfering the lathe work from the steel dies to the copperplate; and a printing press for printing the notes. He then engraved a $10 note plate of the Bank of the United States, and when it was completed commenced printing the blank notes.

The engraving was finished with such skill, and the impressions were so nearly similar in appearance to the genuine notes, that the best judges were puzzled to detect the counterfeit.

About this time Wilson and Smith disagreed and dissolved partnership, Wilson agreeing to pay Smith 1000 dollars for his share of the press, plates, &c. On the 26th February all the parties were arrested by high constable Blaney, but Smith escaped. Wilson was tried and found guilty on all the counts.

Wilson, without doubt, is one of the most efficient counterfeiters that has ever existed. He is an excellent mechanic, and his skill was abundantly proven by the workmanship on this last plate. Our indefatigable Mayor, and Mr. Blaney have been in pursuit of him for two years past, but hitherto all their deep laid plans to arrest him have failed. His talents have long been known to the police of the city. In his room were found all the utensils for counterfeiting, and tools and materials, suitable for engraving, of the first quality. We had an opportunity of examining them a short time after the arrest, and were astonished to find all Wilson's preparations on the most extensive scale. Had he not been arrested at the time he was secured by Blaney, he would have flooded, in a few weeks, the whole United States with counterfeit notes.

In Wilson's trunk a small vial was found containing, in fluid, a piece of human flesh. This the counterfeiter carried about his person, under a belief that it operated as a charm, to secure him from arrest—a singular instance of gross superstition connected with talents of no mean order.

BALLOON ASCENSION.—Mr. John Wise, of this city, announces that he will make an ascension in a Balloon, on Wednesday next, from the N. W. corner of Ninth and Green streets. His Balloon is large and handsome. Four o'clock is the hour named in the bills for the commencement of the aerial voyage.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—A large portion of the premises in Kensington, occupied by Dr. Dyott, were destroyed by fire, between 11 and 12 o'clock, on Thursday night last. The fire originated, it is said, in the building occupied as a basket manufactory, and quickly spread to the adjacent buildings, and a large chapel, used as a place of worship, which were laid waste. The firemen of the city were on the spot with their apparatus, but owing to the scarcity of water, great difficulty was experienced in suppressing the flames. We believe the glass works were not injured.

Messrs. Evans & Caldwell, on Monday next, will have four Omnibuses on their line from the Exchange to the Schuylkill, via Chesnut street. About the first of May a fifth coach will be started, so that one Omnibus will leave each extreme point of the line, *every* twelve minutes. This line is well conducted, and deserves efficient support.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

"Human tribunals are so imperfect, that where life and death are pending, it is difficult and unsafe to decide on circumstantial evidence, on sanity or insanity of mind." The history of the Salem witchcraft, corroborates this. The case of Otis, tried and convicted the past winter, as an accessary to the murder of Captain Crosby, is another strong argument in its favour. The following case also forcibly portrays human short-sightedness. In September, 1819, Stephen and Jesse Boom, arraigned before the Supreme Court held at Mansfield, Vermont, on a charge of murder. The indictment set forth, that they, on the 30th of May, 1812, made an assault on Russel Calvin, their brother-in-law, and that Stephen struck the said Calvin a mortal blow on the head, of which he died; and that Jesse was present, aiding and abetting. It was proved that the remains of a man had been dug out of a cellar near where the Booms lived, some years after the disappearance of Calvin. A button was found with the bones, which was recognised by Calvin's wife to have been worn by him; also a hat, knife, &c. These circumstances were sworn to solemnly before the court. Witnesses were not wanting to magnify appearances against the prisoners. The unhappy men became strongly excited; and while the trial was pending, and after it was over, made a written confession of their guilt, detailing every particular of the murder. The jury unanimously found them guilty, and they were sentenced to be hung on the 29th of January, 1820. When the news of the decision arrived at Manchester, those who still believed the prisoners innocent, immediately caused a notice to be printed in the Rutland Herald. It contained a description of Calvin's person, and desired any who could, to give information respecting him, and thereby save the life of the innocent. An answer soon appeared in the New York Evening Post, signed by Taber Chadwick, Shrewsbury, Monmouth, that the identical Russel Calvin was there. He was forthwith conducted to New York, where the public curiosity was so highly excited, that the streets through which he passed were crowded. On the route to Manchester, vast multitudes assembled to see him. Nothing could exceed the joy of the people of Manchester on his arrival there. The bells were rung, and cannons were fired to welcome him. The Booms were soon after convicted of the crime of which they stood convicted, and restored to their rights and privileges. Comment on the above is unnecessary.—*Boston Morning Post.*

Fire and Loss of Life.—The log house of an aged couple of the name of Perry, residing in the village of Waterloo, was burned to the ground on the 9th inst. and Mrs. Perry was consumed in the flames! She had been ill for a long time, and confined to her bed. Her husband left the house about noon to proceed to a sugar bush in the neighbourhood, leaving her alone; and on his returning to her about 3 o'clock, he observed the roof at his house on fire. He burst open the door, but was obliged to retreat; the whole of the interior being in flames, and no assistance could be rendered to the unfortunate woman—her body was almost wholly consumed.—*Newark Daily Adv.*

Sudden Death by Poison.—An interesting young lady, Mary Stebbins, died at Vernon, Ct. on the 31 inst. in consequence of eating some seeds of *Apple Peru.** She had been out for a walk, and on her return amused the children by treating them to the bark of birch trees which she had procured. Some time after, her mother observed a paleness unusual in Mary's countenance, and asked if she was unwell.—She replied that she was, and presumed she had eaten too much birch bark. She soon became much distressed attended with dizziness, violent retchings and occasional nausea. On further inquiry by her mother respecting the cause of her acute and alarming distress, Mary recollected that during her walk, she plucked some pods of *Apple Peru*, and had eaten some of the seeds, which were discovered in the contents of the stomach, spontaneously ejected. Four hours before her death she sank into a paralytic stupor, and manifested no sensation or motion except from deep and laborious respiration.

* *Apple Peru*—better known by the name of *Jamestown-weed.*

A Fact.—"There is one single fact that one may oppose to all the wit and argument of infidelity, that no man ever repented of Christianity on his death-bed," —*Hannah More's Life.*

Sunday.—"A day when they who fear their creditors are abroad, and they who fear God at home."

RECEIPTS BY MAIL.

April 17.—Received from

W. Stavers, Esq. nett 4 50
not franked, postage 50
H. York, 2 00
R. N. Black, 2 00
G. W. Smith, 8 00
W. S. Hubbell, Esq. 6 00
Revd. Baldwin, Esq. 5 00
J. Nye, Esq. 3 00
Nath. Williams, Esq. 4 00
A. McDonald, Esq. 5 00
Revd. Taylor, Esq. 2 00
M. McDowell, Esq. 5 00
E. H. Haines, Esq. 3 00
J. W. Tilton, Esq. 5 00

April 18.

J. H. David, 10 00
W. H. Wilkins, Jr. 5 00
A. Holbrook, 10 00
Henry A. Leonard, 2 00
John B. Sims, 5 00
Simon W. Buckley, 2 00
Pringle Sligh, 5 00
Ethan Alling, Esq. 2 00
Elam Jones, Esq. 2 00
John Ensign, Esq. 2 00
John P. Lewis, Esq. 2 00
Hervey Latham, nett 2 50
John F. Reily, 50 00
Mat. Smith, Esq. 10 00
Wm. J. Cade, Esq. 5 00
Josiah Bell, Esq. 2 00
Wm. Gunkel, Esq. 2 00

April 20.

Wm. H. Skerrett, 30 00
A. N. Bourden, 20 00
J. L. Andrews, Esq. 6 00
M. Hubbard, Esq. 9 00
B. Cocke, Esq. 6 50
Geo. Nye, Esq. 5 00

Received from

Dyar Bancroft, Esq. 2 00
A. Hitchcock, Esq. 1 00
W. J. Andrews, Esq. 2 00
Gilbert Wilson, Esq. 10 00
Wm. L. Fox, Esq. 2 00
J. B. Calkin, Esq. 2 00
Step. Fuller, Esq. 3 00
John T. Moore, Esq. 2 00

April 21.

Geo. N. Stevens, 2 00
John L. Johnson, 3 00
J. B. Norton, Esq. 5 00
Enos. Shepherd, Esq. 2 00
Thos. Watson, Esq. 5 00

April 22.

D. F. Button, 5 00
Israel Miller, 10 00
B. Robinson, Esq. not
fkd. pos. 75c. nett 1 75
Augustine Lynch, 10 00
Chas. Woodworth, 10 00
Abraham Crawford, 2 00
Asiel Hanson, Esq. 2 00
K. Tyner, Esq. 5 00
J. G. Mitchell, Esq. 1 00
John Callis, Esq. 5 00
W. S. Mackie, Esq. 2 00
John Graham, Esq. 5 00
Wm. Allen, Esq. 2 50
Rich. McClure, Esq. 2 00

April 23.

Adam Peters, 10 00
Langhorn Thorn, 4 00
I. N. Woodward, Esq. 7 00
Henry Develin, Esq. 5 00
Wm. Easterly, Esq. 8 00
A. Brooks, Esq. 10 00
Faxon Nichols, Esq. 1 00

STOCK EXCHANGE.

Sales of Stocks at the Stock and Exchange Board, from April 16th to 23d.

			par value.
231	Shares	United States Bank, at	110a110⅛ $100
17	do.	Bank of N. America,	143½a145 100
34	do.	Farmers & Mechanics Bank,	69¾ 50
1918	do.	Mechanics Bank,	66a70 25
113	do.	Schuylkill Bank,	62¾a63½ 50
40	do.	Kensington Bank,	75 50
90	do.	Girard Bank,	67¾a68 50
20	do.	Penn Township Bank,	79 50
328	do.	Western Bank,	62½a62¾ 50
50	do.	Moyamensing Bank,	45¾ 25
361	do.	Union Bank Tennessee,	69a69¾ 60
400	do.	Planters' Bank Tenn,	50¼a50¾ 40
90	do.	Com. Bank Cincinnati,	108a108¾ 100
325	do.	Manufac. Bank Patsb'g,	62¾a63¼ 50
110	do.	Planters Bank Natchez,	120¾a121 100
200	do.	N. Orleans Mer. & Traders,	54 50
40	do.	Trenton New Bank,	10 10
100	do.	Reading Bank,	7¾ 5
775	do.	Kentucky Bank,	34¾a34¾ 30
23	do.	Louisville Bank,	113 100
670	do.	Philad. Savings Institution,	9a10¼ 5
14	do.	Franklin Fire Insurance,	122 100
23	do.	Annuity,	57¼a58 50
135	do.	Commercial Fire Insurance,	56a57¼ 50
219	do.	Southwark Fire Insurance,	36a39 35
156	do.	Schuylkill Navigation,	14⅝ 50
43	do.	Lehigh Coal & Nav. Co.	88 50
$4000		Lehigh Loan,	102½a103¾ 100
1737	do.	Del. & Hudson Canal,	109a110 100
2	do.	6ths Stock,	21 10
1613	do.	New Castle Rail-Road,	36¼a37¾ 25
180	do.	Camden & Amboy R.R.	145a146 100
307	do.	Danville & Pottsv. R.R.	47¼a48 50
620	do.	Norristown Rail-Road,	61¼a62 50
1518	do.	Wilmington Rail-Road,	6¾a7¼ 5
325	do.	Philad. & Trenton R. R.	100a101 100
670	do.	Beaver Meadow, R. R.	38¾a39 40
50	do.	Reading Rail-Road,	7¾ 5
1410	do.	Harrisburg Rail Road,	6a7¼ 5
80	do.	West Philada. Rail-Road,	6 5
250	do.	N. A. Coal Stock,	20¼ 25

"Orator Jack," a famous sweep, was brought up for crying "sweep!" the plaintiff being his former employer.

The first witness called was Thomas Groves, a little fellow, whose new canary-colored silk cravat, tied after the most approved fashion, formed a striking contrast to the sable neck which it encircled, and who set forth that on Thursday last, as ever was, he turned out to go along Bayswater, ven who should he step his precious eyes on, but Jack Bridges, in Westbourne-terrace, when he catched him in the very hact of calling "Sweep," vich he "cumminated" to do twenty times; and said he'd do so as long as he liked, in spite of him or the hact, vich he didn't wally a pen'orth of tatum.

Mr. Hoskins (to "Orator Jack:") Do you deny calling "sweep!"—Jack: I'll come thus 'ere pin, my lord, soon. Now, jist look here a minute, at this Mister Lamb, wot calls himself a master "sweep," and say if it ain't all spite. Ven I swept his chimbleys, please your reverence, nuffin could go on better or smoothener; but now I've gone from him, and took up with this here lady vats in supposition to him (pointing to a lively-looking, coffee-coloured young woman, with a dashing bonnet and auburn ringlets,) he and his boys follows me about like so many ghosties over a unhung willain; but wot vexes him most is, he disappointed a lady, my lord, the to'ther day, wot wanted her flue done; so she called me in, and verry handsomely giv me the job. That's the thing as upsets this Mister Lamb more nor any thing again. Howsomever, I'll now come to the charge, vich is for calling "sweeps" and, respecting that 'ere, it's no sich a thing, for I called out summat else, wot I deals in, and that's "hoots."

These dialogues, occasioned by the unfeeling act of parliament, are quite a new and comic feature in the London police Reports.

THE COCA.—The virtues of the coca are of the most astonishing character. The Indians who are addicted to its use are enabled to withstand the toil of the mines, and the noxious miasmatic exhalations, without rest, food, or protection from the climate. They run hundreds of leagues over deserts, arid plains, and craggy mountains, sustained only by the coca and a little parched corn, and often too, acting as mules in bearing loads through passes where animals cannot go. Many have attributed this frightful fragility and power of endurance to the effects of habit, and not to the use of the coca, but it must be remembered, that the Indian is naturally voracious, and it is known that many Spaniards were unable to perform the Herculean tasks of the Peruvians, until they habitually used the coca. Moreover, the Indians, without it, lose both their vigor and powers of endurance. It is stated, that during the siege of La Paz, in 1781, when the Spaniards were constantly on the watch, and destitute of provisions in the inclemencies of winter, they were saved from disease and death by resorting to this plant.

The coca possesses a slightly aromatic and agreeable odor, and when chewed, occasions a grateful fragrance; its taste is moderately bitter, and astringent, and it tinges the saliva of a greenish hue. Its effects on the system are stomachic and tonic, and beneficial in preventing intermittents, which have always prevailed in the country.

LORD BROUGHAM.—A curious narrative is in circulation—but has not yet found its way into print. It is put forth, by Lord Brougham's friends, as an excuse for his infirmity of mind and conduct, last year. It runs thus—the lord chancellor of England, being a political as well as a judicial character, has such a multiplicity of business to get through, that it would be next to impossible for him to read a hundredth part of the papers requiring his signature. Lord Broughm, who is very much attached to, and placed great confidence in his immediate relatives, appointed his brother James to read such documents, and instruct him, briefly, as to their contents. This he did for the space of 24 years. Last summer, James Brougham being suddenly taken ill, to the north of England, sent an express to London for the chancellor. By the time of his arrival, James was death stricken, and his dying words, as he pressed his brother's hand, are reported to be—" Forgive me—for God's sake forgive me."—The chancellor thought that this was raving, and thought little of the words. He sorrowed for his brother, very deeply, but the feeling was changed when bonds to the amount of $200,000 (£40,000) came in, to which his own signature was attached. This was the case. James Brougham was a gambler, had incurred "debts of honour" which he could not pay, and he had put bonds before his brother, for signature, passing them off (they being unread by the chancellor) as papers of importance.

The bonds were presented for payment, and though Lord Brougham might have disputed payment, it is said that regard for the memory of his brother prevented him. He is believed to have mortgaged his salary to raise the amount: hence, too, his asking for the Chief Baron of the Exchequer, when he lost office. If this story be true, it accounts for the agitation of mind which made Lord Brougham commit so many mistakes last year. It is reported that his friends have interfered, and are taking defence against the bonds, to which his signature was never intentionally obtained. To a curious tale, but "truth is strange—stranger than fiction."

Hydrophobia Communicated by a Cow.—It has been asserted by some who hold a high rank both in the veterinary and medical world, that rabies can be communicated by those animals only who use their teeth as weapons of offence. We have often wondered at the unhesitating and dogmatical way in which this assertion is made, for we are ignorant of any thereotic principles on which it could be possibly grounded; it is contrary to occasional facts, well known to all who have paid attention to the subject; and it is likely to lead to dangerous and fatal neglect of proper precautionary means. A late number of *the Journal Theraputic* has added another to the cases of death succeeding to inoculation with saliva from a rabid ruminant, and also of the fearful period during which the virus may remain inert in the frame. A cow in the department of Jura was bitten by a dog affected with rabies. Some time afterwards she became dull, and refused all kinds of food She approached some water which was offered to her, and made repeated but fruitless efforts to swallow it. A woman that had the care of her imagined that some foreign body was lodged in the pharynx, and prevented the animal from swallowing; and she thrust her hand into the mouth of the beast, and to the very back part of it, but found nothing. In doing this her hand was slightly scratched by one of the teeth of the animal. It was soon afterwards sufficiently plain that the cow was rabid, and she was destroyed by order from the magistrates. A year afterwards the woman began to have frightened dreams, in which she thought that she was pursued by two enraged animals, —the cow, and the dog by which it had been bitten. She had dread of water, and she died of rabies in a

To all whom it may Concern.

The individuals whose names are here appended, stand indebted to this establishment for the Saturday Evening Post or Casket, to the respective amounts here stated. They have all removed from the places where they ordered their papers to be sent, without settling up arrearages, and we know not where to address their bills. Consequently, we adopt this measure—the only one left—to remind them of their indebtedness to us and to solicit a prompt remittance of their dues, which will be a sufficient apology for their *forgetfulness.*

Names.	Late Residence.	Amount Due.
Benj. E. Wisherly,	New Haven, Conn.	Casket $8 00
Hiram Jackson,	do. do.	do. 8 00

Variety's the spice of Life,
That gives it all its flavour.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

There are many words in the English language which have a variety of meanings, but we know of no one which is used in as many different situations as the word TURN. Its application is as follows:

To revolve as a wheel, *or turn.*
To put upside down, *or turn.*
To form on a lathe, *or turn.*
To make one end of a scale preponderate, *or turn* the scale.
To become white in the face, *or turn* pale.
To translate one language into another, *or turn* it into.
To transfer, *or turn.* To make acid, *or turn.*
To make crazy, *or turn* the head.
To double down a leaf, *or turn* down.
To go to bed, *or turn in.*
To rise from bed, *or turn out.*
To roll, *or turn* over. To upset, *or turn* out.
To avert, *or turn* away. To reverse, *or turn.*
To put out by force, *or turn* out.
To deviate from a straight course, *or turn.*
To take a walk, *or a turn.* A *turn* of fortune.
A good or bad *turn.* One round of a rope, *or turn.*
Alternately, *or by turns.* To *turn* the edge.
A *turn* in music. To *turn* over leaves.
To have recourse to, *or turn* to.
To change fortunes, *or turn* the tables.
To think of, *or turn* over in the mind.
A *turn*-coat, &c. &c. L. M.

(*From Miss Sheridan's Comic Offering for* 1835.)

TO EMILY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ASSURDITIES."

Sweet baby, hush!
Thy piercing cry my muse alarms!
Away affrighted all my fancies rush.
Farewell to *peace* when children are in *arms!*
At night thy voice is still—O yes I—still *worse.*
A nurse
A-n *urse major* sure should be,
Thy cries to *bear;*
How are mine ears offended!—
Thou tak'st good care
Thy *hazel* (like Ahinack's) shall be well *attended!*
To lull thee into peaceful rest,
And quell the storm,
With food so sweet and warm
They cram my darling in due form!
And quickly silence proves to all
A life-boat for a storm is best,
A *pap-boat* for a *squall!*

Thou art so pretty in thy helplessness!
As pure as alabaster brittle—
When thou grow'st *big* I shall not love thee *less,*
Though now, I must confess, I love thee—*little!*

TRULY ORIGINAL.—A few days since a lady stepped into a shoe store, and asked for her bill—which being presented, a pair of "Boy's Shoes" was charged which she did not understand. "Those were worn out by my Boy, in going for your bill, ma'am."—"Please give give credit," says the lady, "for one pair of Girl's Shoes worn out in running after them."—"Tis done, ma'am," was the reply, and thus a long running account was settled.

It was a custom of the Chaldeans, as soon as their daughters were marriageable, to put them up at auction, and the price obtained for the more beautiful, was assigned as a dowery for the more homely; thus all the young women are disposed of in marriage—the beautiful for their charms, the homely for their wealth.

A LECTURE ON JEWELS.

Tom Potts, a thirsty cobbler, at the Boar,
Had drank one day, 'till they would trust no more;
And wending homeward chanced awhile to stop
At the gay window of a goldsmith's shop.
His hat flung o'er his brow in moody slouch,
One hand was thurst into his empty pouch,
And one into his breast.—He stood there thinking
Upon the different modes and joys of drinking.
"Ah, ha!" at last, said he, "now that's your sort!
This purple stone is like to good old port,
Full rich and warm; and that one, yellow pale,
Is just the color of your amber ale.
Delicious stuff!—and you, of deeper yellow,
Is old Jamaica rum, so strong and mellow.
Are not these diamonds? sooke, as clear and bright
As drops of purest gin, they dazzle the sight;
And, that green stone, of hue so bright and fine,
What is it like?—this plaguy head of mine!
What do we drink that's green? Now let me think;
Green:—let me see!—what is it green we drink?"
"Ah, Tom," replied a voice which well he knew,
"Those gems are like some other things in hum.
That ruby stone is like the drunkard's nose,
The yellow one is like his sallow cheek,
The purple bruises and black eyes bespeak.
Those crystal drops are like his poor wife's tears,
When she beholds him drunk, his curses hears,
And thinks how changed he is, how lost, how mean
And, Tom, that other stone, so brightly green,
Is—like the grass, that round thine own shop door,
Begins to grow, since thou wilt work no more."
Tom heard his wife's rebuke, but ne'er replied,
She ne'er rebuked before, but she had sighed,
Had wept in secret,—now her time she chose,
Nor chose it ill. Next morning Tom arose,
Kept at his work, nor ever went near the Boar,
Thus steady, he grew rich; paid off his score;
Nor ever lectured upon Jewels more.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.—A certain German, who had but a slight acquaintance with the English language, was once invited to take tea with a married lady and her younger sister. Having observed previously when in company, that he was at a loss in pronouncing the word *mistake*, which in his dialect approached rather nearly to mum-stick, he examined a dictionary containing many provincial definitions, and found *mistake*, 'to get the wrong cow by the ear.' He accordingly took tea and while sipping a cup of it, he was a very knowing look towards the sister and said "I tink de American ladies are not as vont of coffee as de Yermain ladies ish Miss Mary." At this, the young lady looked at her sister and said, "my sister's name is Mary, mine is Jane." "Ah!" said the German, "ah! pardon, I hat de vrong sow on de ear."

ANECDOTE.—During the late cold weather, one of the gentlemen of Boston, who was engaged in visiting the poor, and supplying their wants, entered one of the cellars in Hood street. In one corner of the room there was an old straw bed, in which was a little boy, whom the mother was covering with some rags. On the top of which she placed an old door. "Mother," said the boy, "how do poor folks make out this cold weather, who have no doors to lay on their bed?"

A DRAMATIC COUPLE.—Mr. and Mrs. J. when in the Glasgow company, lived unfortunately very much after the fashion in which Mr. and Mrs. Milton, Dr. and Mrs. Sherlock, and many other great personages are said to have existed; with the exception that Mr. J. adopted the permission accorded by Judge Butler, and generally silenced Mrs. J. by the *argumentum baculinum*. One evening, after certain fustigator performances at home, Mr. and Mrs. J. performed the Duke and Duchess in Toby's *Honeymoon*; in one of the scenes of which Juliana has to say that she presumes, if she disobeys his orders, he will beat her; to which the Duke replies:

"I'll talk to you; but I'll not beat you.
He that lays his hand upon a woman,
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch,
Whom 't were base flattery to call a coward."

Mr. J. had scarcely begun this commonplace claptrap, when his spouse, dismissing the recollection of her scenic character, and smarting with her wrongs, darted a look at him, accompanied by an undercurrent exclamation thus:

Mr. J. on Duke.—He that lays hand upon a woman—

[*Mrs. J.* gives an indescribable glance, and exclaims—Ugh! you brute!]

Mr. J. [proceeding]—*Save when she richly deserves it*—is a wretch.

Whom 't were base flattery to call a coward.

PAGANINI.—A story was circulated in England on the arrival of Paganini, something to the following effect:—About twenty years previously, he had been confined in prison, charged with the murder of his wife—being at the time a very indifferent fiddler, and further, as may be supposed, prohibited from bringing his "instrument of torture" into his dungeon. A few nights after his confinement, however, a variety of ravishing tones were heard to issue from his cell, occasionally mingled with two voices. The keepers were also compelled to assess several times in consequence of a very diabolical smell of brimstone; and what was most remarkable of all, a tall dark looking gentleman made his appearance from the cell, seemingly by way of the key-hole, and walked by the officers, who for a time being, were compelled to stand as still and to remain as mute as so many inhabitants of the "Frozen City," described in Lallah Rookh; they were enabled to see, however, that one of the aforesaid gentleman's leg was exceedingly like that of a horse. On the day of the trial, which took place a few days after this, the musician, it is said, was saved from hanging by the hard swearing of several strange looking men, who spoke in sepulchral voices: and from that hour to the present, (so the story concludes,) Paganini has never been troubled with a shadow. For ourself, we shall merely add that the latter part of the mystery is easily accounted for by the fact of Paganini being so thin, that the sun has no difficulty in seeing round him.

HINDOO CHARACTER.—A thorough conviction of the total and absolute depravity of the Hindoo disposes my heart to irritate against him, and makes me suspect the motive of every action to be bad. I cannot love him; I pity him; I deplore his low estate, and I would do every thing to raise him from it. The females I consider to be totally depraved and polluted in mind, from their youngest infancy; their conversation, their habits of social life, but chiefly what we profanely call "their religion," are the causes of the pollution of their minds. The exhibitions on the cars of their idols, the figures on their temples, and on their other public buildings, their images, their performers, and their songs, are all such as would astonish and confound the most abandoned libertines of the most degraded cities of Christendom, even of Islamism.—*Gordon's Christian Researches.*

LATE HOURS.—We are killing ourselves in this country by inches, and that for a tall man or an amazonian woman is a dreadful reflection. In sooth, our late hours break in terribly on real comfort, sound health, and that refreshing sleep which "seals up the gelida" in calm and soft repose, and ministers to our real enjoyments. We marvel why *fashion*, instead of being represented with bewitching and attractive colours, is not drawn with a medusa's head, fiery eyes and snaky crest—or, under the silken cowl and wreaths of roses, a skeleton head peeped out as a warning—a caution in time—a *memento mori.* In this country we eat ourselves and dance ourselves to death with much more rapidity than they do at the Sandwich Islands.

I met a friend on the pave last week, who said, "Will you come to our party to-morrow night?" "A party? How? Comfortable dish of tea, game of whist, glass of whiskey punch, and a Sandwich, eh?" "Oh, no; a real teaser; a regular turn out; been preparing a fortnight. I must give a couple every year for the sake of the world, you know." "The world, ha! Well, I'll come, and if I don't you won't miss me in the squeeze. Tell me, for old acquaintance sake, how much will the party cost?" "Why, about $1500." "Fifteen hundred dollars! Prodigious! How many charming *tertulias* in Spain, *conversationes* in Italy, and *soirees* in France, would $1500 procure? and all this sum swallowed up in one eating and dancing frolic!"

I determined to go, and a friend promised to call for me in his carriage. I was ready at seven, and sat quietly until eight—half-past eight—nine—half-past nine—ten; when, just as I was singing for my slippers, and preparing, as Monsieur Morbleau says, for my night caps, *rat-tat-tat* goes the coachman, and in walked my friend, pumps and tight pants on, white gloves and perfumed handkerchief. "So, sir, a pretty time you have called for me; why, I have been ready since seven o'clock." "Seven o'clock! why bless you the company only begin to assemble at ten; and even now we are rather early." "Early, do you call it? Go out to spend the evening at half-past ten o'clock! Well, well, I suppose we must not be out of the fashion; so come along."

Our carriage rattled up one of the principal streets, and a glare of light was showered in all directions from the house. We left in behind a range of coaches, and had to wait until our turn, and found on alighting, a retinue of black servants to usher us in the mansion; to take our coats, hats, and canes, and prepare us in form for the *entree.* Every thing was elegant; gaiety, fashion, and pleasure, reigned triumphant; beauty in resplendent beams, shed its halo over the scene; plenty from its golden horn, was poured forth in all directions; music, and the giddy dance, were kept up with unabated vigor, until the russet morn had nearly streaked the east. I got home, tossed and tumbled for two or three hours in bed, and then rose for the duties of the day.

Having occasion to call on an old gentleman about twelve o'clock, I found him in his parlour, with the breakfast table before him. "What! not breakfasted yet?" "O yes, long ago; this is for my daughters, who came from the party about three o'clock, and are not yet up." In a few minutes the young ladies entered, but oh how altered! Where was the bounding step and elastic gait—the brilliant eye—the jocund smile—the silken attire—the well dressed hair, and jewelled form of last night's entertainment? They were pallid and exhausted; their eye, their hair, their dress, *all en dishabille;* both with a hectic cough—both looking so wo-begone and spiritless as if they had just escaped from the siege of Troy. "Have you slept well, girls?" said the anxious parent. "Not a wink, father; we tossed, and tumbled, and worried for several hours, but not a wink of sleep; oh, my head, my head—and oh, my bones, my bones." "Probably your restlessness arose from eating too heartily at supper." "No such thing, father; why, I only ate a little chicken salad, a wing of turkey, some jelly, a few macaroones and mottoes, a dozen pickled oysters, and drank a few glasses of champagne, that's all—excepting a sponge cake or two, and a glass of lemonade during dancing, and a little ginger sweetmeats. There's Lazy ate twice as much as I did."

"No I didn't, but I was more select, father; a few slices of cold tongue, a piece of a-la-mode beef, three pickles, a few olives, some blanc mange, two plates of ice cream, a little floating island, and some trifles in bone boas—oranges, plumb cake, and custards during the evening. I'm sure I don't care much for solids." "And did you dance after supper?" "To be sure we did; one cotillion, one country dance, the mazourka, and a gallopade." The murder's out! no wonder at head aches, and bone aches, and heart aches, and sleepless hours, after so much eating; and then dancing on so much eating—churning these singular masses of food and contradictory condiments in a delicate female stomach, with scarcely sufficient gastric juice to digest the wing of a pheasant. That's the way our girls kill themselves prematurely; that's the cause of our heavy weekly lists of interments; of the many cases of consumption, inscrutably carried to the credit of our climate. Alas! how many charming women are hurried to the grave by carelessness; by the bewitching attractions of fashion; by keeping late hours; by their clothing and eating too much. The observation made by strangers is, "how pale and thin your ladies are. Why will they not have resolution enough to discard these seducing and destructive allurements? why not enjoy life soberly, discreetly, prudently?"

What can be more agonizing to true affection than to see the girl nourished with tenderness in infancy—amiable, intelligent and accomplished, gradually sinking into the grave ere she reaches the age of womanhood?—the pride and delight of fond parents and numerous friends, the rose which early bloomed, daily fading in the brilliancy of its colours, and drooping like the lilly of the vale?—to see the eye, once so brilliant, sunken, heavy and dull, and the lips, once so ruby, now thin and pallid?—to witness the being so beloved, so cherished, the victim of slow, but unerring disease, not constitutional, but brought on by neglect, by fashion? to see the vision recede from the sight, step by step, until evening frowns upon its setting glory, and the tomb closes upon it forever?—*N. Y. Star.*

To Primroses filled with Morning Dew.

BY R. HERRICK, 1648.

Why do you weep, sweet babes? Can tears
Speak grief in you,
Who were but born
Just as the modest morn
Teem'd her refreshing dew?
Alas! you have not known that show'r
That mars a flower;
Nor felt th' unkind
Breath of a blasting wind;
Nor are ye worn with years;
Or warp'd as we,
Who think it strange to see
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
To speak by tears before ye have a tongue.
Speak, whimp'ring younglings! and make known
The reason why
Ye droop and weep.
Is it for want of sleep;
Or childish lullaby?
Or, that ye have not seen as yet
The violet?
Or brought a kiss
From that sweet heart to this
No, no—this sorrow shown
By your tears shed,
Would have this lecture read—
"That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
Conceiv'd with grief, and with tears brought forth."

MENTAL DERANGEMENT—*Singular Case.*—Baron Pisani, an illustrious and devoted philanthropist in Palermo, a man of fortune and refined education, took upon himself the direction of what was then truly called the Mad House of Palermo, but which his humanity and unwearied exertions soon transformed into an orderly and comfortable abode for its once wretched inmates.

The miserable condition of every thing belonging to the house, when the baron first entered upon his duties, was indescribable. It was then the abode of desolation and wretchedness. He found there a few squalid, forlorn beings, with scarcely a human appearance, in the midst of chains, filth, and malaria. It resembled more a menagerie of wild beasts than a human habitation. The treatment was worse than that which was formerly inflicted on traitors and felons. He threw off their chains; he comforted them by consoling language, and still more by kind actions; he gave them refreshing drink and good food; he used towards them an affable and affectionate manner, and, although deprived of reason, they were conscious of the benefits they had received from him, and often the poor forsaken creatures would embrace him as their only friend. This stimulated him to new exertions. From sickly, pallid, and unhappy, they became healthy and cheerful, and many showed him the greatest gratitude.

The Baron relates a singular cure which he effected a few years ago by a simple little stratagem which suddenly occurred to him at the time. A woman on becoming deranged, had resolved never to quit a certain position which she had taken, which was stooping down as low as she could, but still resting on her feet. This bent her knees to the utmost degree; but in this way she continued long after she was brought to the House. She had continued for ten years without extending her lower extremities. When she came under his charge, he tried long to awaken her sensibility on some subject, without success. At length he went to visit her one morning, and told her he had come to the determination no longer to lead a life of celibacy, and had now come to ask her in marriage. She was at first indignant and requested him not to make fun of her. He pressed his suit with so much earnestness and with so many compliments that at length she showed some attention to his conversation. He became more eloquent with arguments for their union, and at last she smiled. It was the first time for ten years. She became more cheerful, laughed a little, and finally consented to marry him. The next day was appointed for the solemnization of the nuptials. All the tranquil insane were invited to the wedding. She was dressed and decorated like a bride, and then carried to an elegant arbour where a feast was prepared for all the guests. One of the keepers was dressed as the Padre, and a counterfeit ceremony was performed, and they all paid her the most particular marks of respect and congratulation, giving her the title she had acquired of Baroness. She tried to walk, but was unable to straighten her knees. The tendons in the hams had become stiff and contracted. She was carried, and placed at his right hand at dinner.

From this time her recovery commenced. By the employment of liniments, frictions and exercise, the use of her limbs was gradually restored, and she is now an intelligent and respectable lady of Sicily, who often laughs with the Baron, whom she calls her esposo, at the amusing freak of marriage ceremony.

An Heiress.—The Marchioness of Londonderry was a Miss Vane, worth 80,000 per annum. She is said to be one of the handsomest women in England.

SCIENTIFIC SELECTION.

DR. LARDNER'S SECOND LECTURE ON STEAM.

Delivered before the Liverpool Mechanics' Institution.

The celebrated Leslie has invented a method of producing ice, by the employment of sulphuric acid. This acid has such a strong affinity for water, that if it is present in an atmosphere filled with vapour, it will immediately seize upon the vapour and incorporate it with itself. He places water in a watch-glass under an air-pump, with sulphuric acid near it: the air being withdrawn from the pump, the sulphuric acid seizes upon the vapour as it rises from the water, and the water, parting with all its heat to maintain the vapour, is converted into ice. In performing this experiment, it is necessary that the vessel containing the sulphuric acid should not be in contact with the water, otherwise the degree of heat which accompanies the combination of the vapour and the sulphuric acid would prevent congelation taking place.

A very pretty experiment, to prove that the atmospheric pressure is a great agent in preventing water from boiling, can be performed with a flask half filled with boiling water, and closed at the neck. If it is in that state plunged into cold water, it will boil; but the ebullition will cease when plunged into boiling water. This is because the cold water condenses the steam in the upper part of the flask, and, by removing the pressure, allows the water to boil; whilst the hot water keeps up the temperature of the steam which presses on the surface of the water so as to prevent it boiling.

From these investigations it may be concluded, that a liquid or gaseous state is not essential to the nature of any substance, but that its state is entirely dependent on the supply of heat which that substance has access to. We know that water can be passed through these three states, by the abstraction or the palliation of heat. Fluid mercury may be evaporated, and the fact ascertained by passing the vapour through a cold tube, and it will again assume a liquid state: it may also be made solid, so as to take a shape like a metal. The most refractory substances we know of are capable of being converted into liquids by heat. All the metals we know of may be brought into a state of fusion by a proper supply of heat; indeed, all substances, upon by a proper treatment, may be seen in the solid, fluid, or aeriform state. By turning the rays of the sun, through a lens, upon gold and platinum, we can dissipate them, and convert them into gas. There is compose them, and convert them into gas. There is one solid which has not yielded to fusion, and only one solid which has not yielded to fusion, and only one solid which has not yielded to fusion, and that is carbon, or the diamond; but we can only conclude that we cannot reduce it, because we cannot command a sufficient quantity of heat to melt it and maintain it in a liquid state. Of all liquid there is only one which has not been congealed by the abstraction of heat, and that is alcohol, or spirits of wine.

We can only argue by analogy, that the bodies which exist in the gaseous state can be reduced to liquids or solids; which leads us to suppose that the substances known as atmospheric air, oxygen, hydrogen &c. are, in fact nothing but the steam of various substances which cannot exist in the liquid state upon the surface of our globe without being deprived of a large portion of heat. This analogy has been confirmed by recent experiments and discoveries, particularly by those of our distinguished countryman Faraday. Neither steam nor any gas can be reduced to a liquid by compression alone, however high the degree of compression applied to it, notwithstanding the assertions of superficial writers, and even of some who are otherwise well informed, on the subject. But if, by the compression we could squeeze out the heat from these gaseous bodies, we could then liquify them. Dr. Faraday has substantiated this by actually converting several gases into liquids. For instance: he found, that when carbonic acid gas was submitted to a pressure of 1000 lbs. on the square inch, it became a liquid. It must, however, be remarked, that as the pressure is increased, the temperature is raised; and it is not until the gas is cooled that liquid is produced. These facts, united with the other analogy, afford such a high degree of probability, that, to a reflecting mind, there can be no doubt that every substance, in parting with its heat to a certain extent, becomes a solid; and it is possible to conceive that it, by any circumstances, the temperature of our globe were raised sufficiently, the water of the ocean would no longer be able to exist in a liquid form, but would assume the state of vapour, and mix with the atmospheric air. By the same cause, many of the solids would be converted into liquids, and all the body of the ocean, so that we should have an atmosphere of steam, and an ocean of metal,—a gold and a silver sea. Then, again, by the process of evaporation, which causes liquids to pass into vapors, we should see the fable of Jupiter descending in a golden shower illustrated in golden and silvery showers. To carry the analogy still further: we know that water cannot exist in a liquid state at the poles. A slight decrease in the temperature of the globe, or a change of distance of the sun, would cause all the water of the earth to become solid; a further decrease would freeze the various gases, so that the air would drop down, and form an ocean of water; and a still further reduction of temperature would convert it into a solid body.

These circumstances suggest to a reflecting mind the beautiful adaptation of the different objects on the globe to each other, and to the distance of the earth from the sun. Otherwise, those substances which ought to be liquid, for the sustenance of animals, would subsist in the solid state. It is not at all improbable, that the different planets have different substances in them, suitable to their distances from the sun; for there is no doubt that the temperature is produced by the sun, and depends on the sun's distance from the planets, and its intensity is diminished in proportion to its distance. In the planet Jupiter, the heat is twenty five times less than it is with us; and water, on such a globe, could not exist in a liquid state, unless heat was supplied from other causes than the sun.

When we consider the prodigious mechanical power which has been obtained, by the mere ability, on our part, to convert a liquid or water into steam, and reconvert that steam into water; when we consider the enormous amount of human civilization which has been produced by the due application of this simple physical effect; when we consider, that it is probable that the relations of the human race may be altered and modified by this application, and the very distances of the different parts of the world be changed by a speedy intercourse, and the prices of the objects of consumption be ultimately affected by it; when all these effects are attained by the mere fact of our availing ourselves of the simple physical effect of converting water into vapour and back again, we naturally say, where there is so large a field, and so many different substances from which the effect may be produced, should we not expect, from the large advances which are making in the generalization of these principles, that this effect may be produced from other substances. Water possesses several properties which render it the most hopeless and unfit for such an experiment. In order to convert it into vapour, we, of course, apply heat. The least promising liquid is that which requires the largest application of heat; and, of all liquids, water consumes the largest quantity of heat, requiring 1000 degrees to raise it from a boiling state to a state of vapour: therefore, a priori, a philosopher would say, try spirits of wine, or a thousand other things, but do not try water, for this special reason. It may be said, that the cost and difficulty of producing any species of vapour does not depend upon the fuel necessary to produce it, but on the cost of the liquid itself. Supposing, then, we could get fuel for nothing, still water is the most unfit and unpromising agent. For instance: in the transport at sea, the source of heat is derived from coals, which are bulky, and are transported in the vessels in order to produce steam; the water at sea costs nothing: and, suppose the fuel costs nothing, still they must be carried, and they impose a limit to the application of the steam engine to the purposes of navigation. A vessel impelled by steam power of 2000 horses consumes one ton of coals per hour, or twenty-five tons per day: therefore, to provide for a voyage of twelve days, it would have to carry with it twelve times twenty-five tons of coal. Thus, therefore, there is a limit to the application of steam navigation. It is generally understood, that a vessel cannot carry more fuel than is necessary for the purpose of propelling it ten or eleven days; consequently, by the present steam impelling power, such a voyage as from Liverpool to New York could not be made for any practical and advantageous purposes.

In considering the prospects of improvement in these respects, we naturally look towards those liquids which are most readily turned into a gaseous form. Ether and alcohol are easily converted into vapour, but in the way in which the steam power has been applied these liquids are rather expensive. If it was used in a high pressure engine the vapour would escape into the air and be lost; whilst, in a condensing engine, although not lost, it would be mixed with so much water that its separation would be attended with a considerable expense. There is only one other way in which it is possible to use alcohol, namely, by condensation, in contact with a cold surface. If we introduce the vapour of spirits of wine into a thin shell, formed by two bodies placed one upon another, after working the engine, it will spread over the cold surface of the hollow shell, the steam will be recovaerted into a liquid state, and trickle out at the bottom, so as to be warmed over again, and thus might be carried on from time to time.

But this great step must be followed by another improvement in the steam engine, especially for the purposes of transport both by land and by water, which will doubtless be cultivated in our own time. It is the application of the gases, and especially of carbonic acid gas, in a liquid form. If we could obtain carbonic acid in sufficient quantity, and, sufficiently on moderate terms, there is no reason why it should not be employed to supercede steam at the present time. This gas takes the liquid form at the common temperature, under a pressure of 1000 pounds, and in that state exerts a prodigious power, and from its small bulk, would effect a saving of tonnage. The difficulty to its adoption lies in the price of the liquid, the providing of proper air-tight valves and pistons, and in guarding against the corrosion which the carbonic acid would cause in the materials themselves. But all these are matters of detail, and are at present but temporarily difficult, and we may, therefore, look forward to the superceding of coals altogether in the steam engine, by the use of the liquid carbonic acid, as nothing would be necessary except to send it into the receiver, and let the piston of the engine work as with steam; possibly it might be found expedient to apply heat, but a trifling degree only could be applied, as the power of the gas is so great that it has no bounds. Thus we should get rid of the magnitude of the marine boiler, and a thousand other inconveniencies which attend it. We may, therefore, look forward to the time when we may send our captains to sea with the wind that is to blow them in their waistcoat pocket; and it is not impossible, that we may get rid of those ugly smoky chimneys! which are at once so unpoetical and unpicturesque, and against which our sailors so bitterly complain, because they deface the surface of our beautiful sea.

Dr. Lardner concluded amidst great applause.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS IN THE EAST.

"Mother, pray tell me whether the people of Italy are black or white?" said George, as he rested a moment from studying his school lesson in geography.

"They are white people, my son. They are of the European race, which we were speaking of, the other evening. It is true they are rather darker than ourselves."

"Then they are a very singular people, mother; I did not know that any white people had such strange customs."

"Manners and customs differ very much, every where. But what do you mean, in particular, my son?"

"Why it says in Goldsmith's 'Geographical Views,' that they always reckon their day from sunset; so that if the sun were to go down at six o'clock, then they would call seven o'clock *one;* and their clocks and watches are all set accordingly. And what is droller than all the rest, when the clock gets on to twelve, it does not begin at one again, but goes on to twenty-four, and accordingly strikes thirteen, fourteen, and so on, to twenty-four. It is the first time I ever knew that it could be *thirteen* o'clock, mother."

"And what else is there, my son, in their manners and customs, which surprises you?"

"The numerous beggars there, mother. Why it is said that a stranger, if he walks in the street, is almost constantly interrupted by them. Then they have so many strollers about the country, with shows and exhibitions to excite attention. Their learned dogs and birds which they carry about must also be very amusing."

"And what else, my son?"

"Why they seem to be a very lazy people, they sleep two or three hours after dinner, every day; they carry their dead uncovered to the grave, and, in some places they put the corpse into the ground, without any coffin. Surely, mother, this is more like savages than civilized people."

"So we are apt to think, my son; and yet other civilized nations have customs almost as odd as those of the Italians. Here is a little book about the manners and customs of the Jews. And I find at the 169 page, an account of funerals and funeral ceremonies among that ancient people. They did not carry the corpse to the grave quite uncovered, it is true; but they seldom used any coffin.

"See how oddly they are dressed; and see the horsemen, armed with spears. But what I was going to mention as the strangest ceremony they had, was the practice of making a great noise as soon as a person was dead. Why, they set up such cries and howlings as would have startled you; and as if they could not make noise enough themselves, they hired persons to mourn in this strange way for them. Do you not remember what is said somewhere in the New Testament about the minstrels and the people—how noisy they were around a dead body? Yet these Jews were by no means savages. So customs vary, as you see, very greatly."—*Farley's Mag.*

HOW ANIMALS CROSS RIVERS.

If Peter the wild boy, or Caspar Hauser, when they first became acquainted with men in civilized society, and found out how much pains it often costs people to learn to swim, had been asked how they thought a large animal, such as an ox, or a horse, could get across a deep river, without a bridge, would it ever have occurred to either of them that they could swim? Surely they cannot be *taught* this art; they would probably have said. No; they cannot;—but they have the art, without learning it. The great Creator has made it a part of their nature to swim, when they come to deep water. Even the mighty elephant can swim across a river with as much ease as an ox, or even a dog, and carry burdens, too; just as he does on the land.

The elephant it is said sometimes swims deep in the water; so very deep that only the end of his trunk can be seen out of it; for he has the power as you probably know, of breathing through the tip of his trunk. With this long tube for breathing through, he trusts himself fearlessly to his native rivers, not only the smaller ones, but even the Nile, and the mighty Ganges. Where the water is not too deep he can, of course, walk along on the bottom, only keeping the end of his trunk out of water.

There is sometimes not a little danger in crossing rivers on the back of the elephant, for the huge animal unconscious of what may happen to his keeper and others, whom he carries, will often sink so low that the passengers are obliged to stand upright on the highest part of his body, exposed to be washed off by the current, or thrown off by any sudden jerk of motion which he may happen to make.

Not only large animals but most small ones know how to swim. Even the squirrel can swim across a river, if not too wide. It is *said*, however, that he sometimes tries another method. Taking advantage of the wind, he finds a piece of bark, or a shingle, or something of the kind, and placing himself upon it, erects his tail, like a sail, and the breeze soon wafts him over in safety; though shipwrecks sometimes happen. We have already seen, in a former number, how spiders, which probably cannot swim, sometimes contrive means to form bridges, which answer to them the same purpose.—*Farley's Mag.*

A Horse-Power Mill,

Very appropriately called "A Farmer's Mill,"

UPON a new and improved construction, has recently been invented, and may be seen in operation, at No. 5 Green street to which the attention of Farmers, stock feeders, and the public generally, are respectfully invited. With a mill upon this construction, a horse will grind from 30 to 50 bushels of grain, suitable for horse feed, per day. The cheapness of these mills, and the facility with which they may be erected at any place, and their extreme simplicity, will particularly recommend them to the attention of any person, but more particularly those at a distance from mills. For a mill to grind horse-feed upon a large scale, in mills driven by water or steam power, it is believed more grain may be ground by a mill of this construction, than any other with an equal expense of power. This construction appears to be better adapted for a small mill for feed, &c. than any other ever used for that purpose, as with one horse from 150 to 200 bushels may be ground in a day, or from 30 to 50 bushels per hour.

Mills ready for use, furnished to order, and Patent Rights for States or any sectional part thereof, for sale.

A horse-power machine, also well adapted for any purpose requiring such power, as lathes, threshing machines, straw cutters, &c. &c., and will be furnished as cheap, if not cheaper, than a machine upon any other construction.

An Improved Water Wheel,

Patented as the "Double Power Reaction Water Wheel."

State, county, or single Rights or Wheels ready for use, will be contracted for upon liberal terms.

Goodspeed & Wiswell's

Patent "Circular Vertical and Angular Sawing and Boring Machine, for Wheelwrights, Cabinet, Chair-makers, &c.

COUNTY, township, or shop Rights, with or without a Machine, within the state of Pennsylvania, for sale.

Coston's Improved Patent Hat and Bonnet Press,

FOR Leghorn straw or chip hats, manufactured and for sale as usual at No. 10 Eighth's alley, patent rights for the eastern states, or any sectional part thereof, for sale.

Clark's Improved Patent Churn.

N. B.—A few shop rights for making and vending them Churns within the city or county of Philadelphia, will be disposed of on reasonable terms.

For further particulars, apply to

ap 19—3mo J. R. SLEEPER,
No. 131 North Second street.

W. L. Hollifield,

SURGEON DENTIST, respectfully informs his friends and the Public that he has permanently situated himself in Philadelphia, at No. 178 Loudoun St. where he hopes to merit a share of public patronage. W. L. H. performs all of the various operations in Dentistry, such as Pivot or Artificial Teeth filed, cleansed and plugged. Also, Natural and Porcelain Teeth inserted, from a single Tooth to a whole set. He flatters himself, that from an extensive practice in the following cities, viz. Savannah, Georgia, Baltimore, Maryland, Delaware, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, for several years past, he will be able to give general satisfaction to all who may favour him with their patronage.

References.—Dr. George McClellan and Dr. John Ruan. ap 18—4t

Auction Sales

By John L. Doolittle, No. 14 North Third st. opposite Church Alley.

THE advertiser respectfully offers to the citizens of Philadelphia and vicinity, his services as Auctioneer. He will attend personally to the following sales when offered, viz: Public Stocks, Real Estate, Shipping, &c. &c. on the premises, or at the Merchants' Exchange; Household Furniture of persons removing or breaking up housekeeping, at their dwellings in any part of the city or districts; Stocks of Goods remaining on hand, of persons declining business, on the premises, or at the Auction Store; every description of Property, Goods and Effects of deceased persons, by order of Executors, Administrators, Trustees, or Assignees, will be promptly attended to, at any time and place desired. Pawnbrokers' Sales held at the Auction Store, and every facility and accommodation offered.

HARDWARE SALES every Evening.

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Charges will be very moderate. Thankful for past favours, the subscriber humbly asks a continuance.

☞ Application at the Auction Store, by letter or otherwise, will receive strict attention. ap 18 '35—1y

Ladies' Institute,

No. 235 Market Street, Philadelphia.

A BOARDING and DAY SCHOOL, in which are taught the various branches of a solid and polite education, with the use of appropriate and Stationery gratis.

Terms for the substantial branches per quarter, from $5 to $8 dollars. Lessons in French, on the Piano Forte, Drawing, and various kinds of Fancy Work, extra charges. Lessons in Dancing, extra charge. Terms per annum, for board and washing, &c. made known on application.

Also, a Juvenile Boarding and Guardian School, for the education of Children. Terms per annum, $200.

feb 7—eowtf Principal, H. A. WRIGHT.

To the Printers of the U. States.

SPITTALL, wood letter cutter and engraver, No. 21 Franklin Place, Philadelphia, respectfully announces to the Printers of the United States, that he has commenced the manufacture of WOOD LETTERS.

From his general knowledge of the business, and long practical acquaintance with printing, he is convinced his letters will, at least, bear comparison, in every respect, to any made in America, and warranted to be superior to those made by patent machinery.

Wood Letters of every description, from four to thirty-four lines Pica, or upwards, made to order on the shortest notice.

Ornamental Letters, Flowers, Borders, Rules, Labels, Patterns, for Heads of Newspapers, Title Lines, &c. from two lines Great Primer to any size larger.

J. S. invites the attention of the trade to his Fancy Letters, confident that nothing equal to them has hitherto been submitted to their notice. These letters will be cut on box-wood of the best quality, and well mounted, and will be less liable to damage than those cut on the end of the grain.

His type generally will be made of materials of the best assortment, well mounted, and prepared by machinery, invented for the purpose, which ensures the most exact adjustment.

Parts, in all cases, supplied when intended to complete fonts purchased from the above, charged extra.

Specimens will be published as early as possible.

ENGRAVING ON WOOD, executed with neatness and promptitude. Designs for Newspapers, Fire shields, Ornamental and Plain Rules, &c. &c. cut with the greatest accuracy in type metal or wood.

Borders for large bills, &c. cut to any pattern, in pieces required to range and work.

Old cast metal cuts, ornaments, &c. engraved over, and made equal to new, for half their original cost.

J. S. will keep constantly on hand every material necessary for a Printing Office, for sale or exchange, for cash. Six months, credit on the most approved security. Orders from the country promptly attended to. All letters must be post paid. apr 11—tf

A Classical Teacher

IS wanted, to take charge of the Manchester Academy, on the first day of May next. Applications are to be made to Phil. Dickson, Esq. President of the Board, on or before the first of May. None without proper qualifications and strong testimonials of good character, need apply. A man with a family would be preferred.

By order of the Board, JACOB CRIGER, Sec'y.

Manchester, Bal. Co. Md., April 1st, 1835. ap 18—3t

Ladies' Institute,

No. 255 Market Street, Philadelphia.

A BOARDING and DAY SCHOOL, in which are taught the various branches of a solid and polite education, with the use of appropriate and Stationery gratis.

Terms for the substantial branches per quarter, from $5 to $8 dollars. Lessons in French, on the Piano Forte, Drawing, and various kinds of Fancy Work, extra charges. Lessons in Dancing, extra charge. Terms per annum, for board and washing, &c. made known on application.

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